

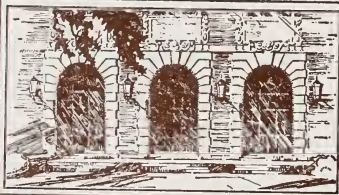
**EARLY
CHICAGOLAND**

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HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS
of
EARLY CHICAGOLAND

By

HARLEY BRADFORD MITCHELL
(*The "Tatler"*)

*Illustrated with old maps and pen
and ink drawings by Jean Myall*

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Self-Test Summary

Of all printed matter the newspaper is the most perishable. Much fine writing, informative in character, scholarly in style, of both general and special interest, has been buried forever in its columns. Clippings serve to prolong for but a brief time the life of much excellent material. Only in book form can a certain degree of permanency be attained.

This little book is, therefore, an attempt to rescue from the oblivion of the newspaper column a few fragments which may have historic interest for others than friends of the writer of them.

They consist of extracts from a series of articles written by Mr. Mitchell under the pen name of the "Tatler," and published at intervals covering a period of four years from 1906 to 1910. They were in the nature of relaxation from more arduous writing, and were often spoken of by him as "playtime work."

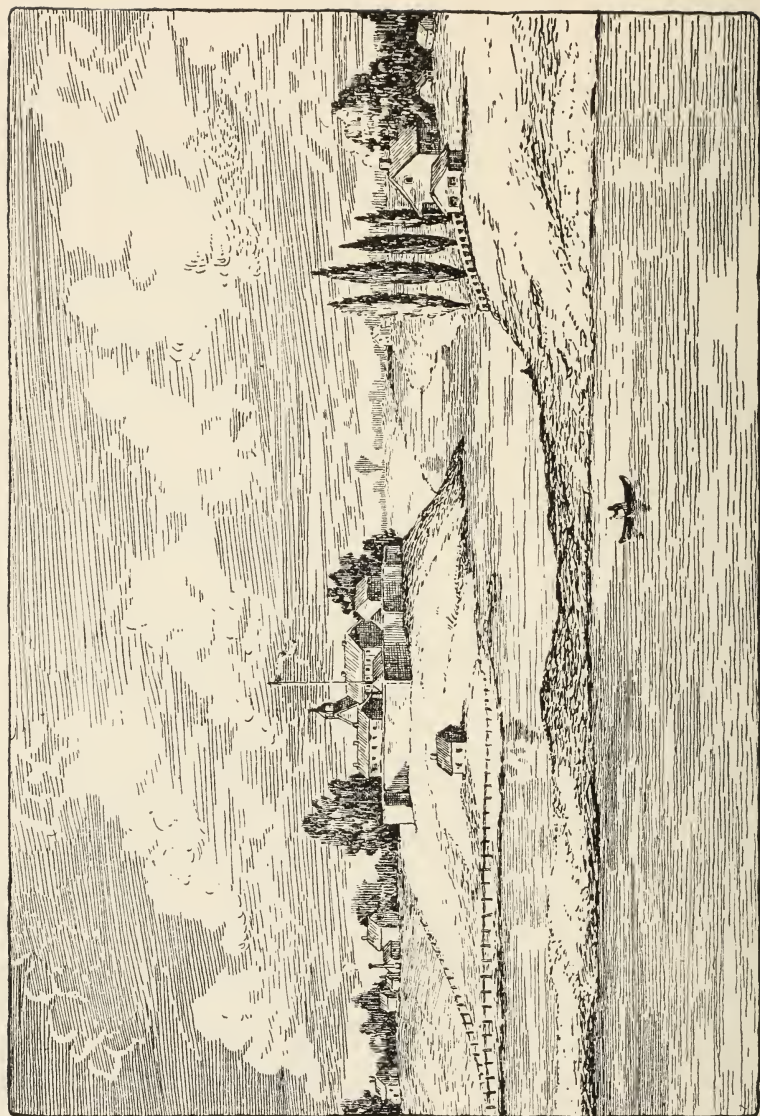
Everything belonging to the growth of Chicago was of absorbing interest to him, and the history of localities, either as tributaries to that city or outgrowths of pioneer settlement, held an irresistible lure.

The son of a pioneer, he knew much of the life of the early settlers, how romance and reality were interwoven in the history of the state, and the part each played in its development. He was especially qualified for this survey of the past, both by inclination and training, and possessed a library rich in material for the purpose.

Historic accuracy he held to be essential, and, unless otherwise stated, no recorded incident was left unverified. Books, manuscripts, old ledgers and letters furnished accurate information upon which to base deductions and furnish conclusive testimony. These sketches, therefore, have actual historic value, giving, as they do, due weight to those little undesigned coincidences which can illuminate facts otherwise obscure.

Many of the names mentioned are familiar ones, for they belonged to those who gave themselves unreservedly to the expansion of the West and played not always a small part in the making of a nation. Others may possess significance for some reader, reviving recollections which might otherwise remain dormant.

—E. S. M.



Chicago in 1831

CHICAGO IN 1790

HAVE you ever seen the "sky-line" of Chicago from a distance of a mile or so out on Lake Michigan? It is really wonderful and inspiring; not so much so as that of New York, which has been figuring pretty largely in recent art and literature; but grand enough and sufficiently novel to put a few new ideas and thrills in the sensorium of ordinary people. You get a new concept of the word "city" from that sky-line; and puny man seems transformed by his works into a veritable demiurge.

Knowing what Chicago looks like from the lake, in this year of grace, nineteen hundred and eight, it requires something of a wrench on the imagination to picture what Chicago looked like to Hugh Heward, when he approached it in his "pirogue" in 1790. Judging from his course, he had come from the trading post on the river St. Joseph. The mouth of the Chicago river was then at Madison street. It was very shallow and a long tongue of sandy beach stretched north from the mouth of the river. It was nearly forty years after Heward's visit, or in 1829, that the soldiers at Fort Dearborn cut a channel through this tongue of land and made the river debouch into the lake almost straight east from Fort Dearborn, instead of turning to the right, and flowing four blocks south.

In Heward's time, one entered the river at about where Madison street is. The channel turned abruptly north and then as abruptly west. It was at this last turn and on the left as one ascended the river, that Fort Dearborn was built, thirteen years after Heward's visit. That was across the river from the head of Rush street. You can still see where the soldiers diverted the channel to the east.

But in 1790 there was no Fort Dearborn. The spot which it occupied later on, was somewhat elevated, and the Tatler's belief is that there had been a French fort there some time between 1730 and 1760; for in the Indian treaty ceding the six-mile military tract, made in 1795, it was mentioned that there had been a fort there. It is very likely that the remains of this old fort were there when Heward came, and were obliterated when Capt. Whistler built the first Fort Dearborn in 1803 on the same site.

Chicago river and its branches were not so wide then as now, if we may believe all the pictures and sketches of early Chicago that have come down to us; probably not more than half as wide as it is now in the heart of the city.

From the river north, there was quite a forest of trees. Along the lake south from the mouth of the river, were sand hills and a few scrub oaks. In the vicinity of Eighteenth street and the lake was a grove of trees, where later the Indians massacred the garrison of Fort Dearborn on August 14, 1812. Further south were more sand hills and scrub

oaks; just such a landscape as you will find today further south, along the shore at the head of the lake.

Over where Bridgeport now is, quite a bit of woods existed, stretching west for a mile or so. Out along the West Fork of the South Branch there was probably little timber until the vicinity of the Desplaines was reached.

The neighborhood of Mud Lake and Lyons probably looked to Heward much as it looks to us today, so far as the woods and physical features are concerned.

How many people did Heward find in Chicago? He mentions only two or possibly three, besides the Indians. It is one of the strange things of those early times that civilized people turn up in unexpected places and without any explanation from the narrator. Thus back in 1674, Marquette mentions in a matter of fact way, the presence of Frenchmen, evidently traders, at his winter quarters down at Lyons, or "Hardscrabble," and their sending for another Frenchman domiciled at some distance. Marquette gives no explanation of their presence in the wilderness.

Heward mentions Point de Saible and Cannott in the same way. Of course he was not writing for publication. But there may have been others at Chicago besides these two. It is possible that LeMai and Pettell, the French traders, may have been living somewhere around the Chicago river at that time. They were there a few years later.

The North Branch was known for many years as

Guarrie's river from the Frenchman of that name who lived on the west side of the stream near where it joins the South Branch. He was there in 1790 almost certainly.

Possibly the "Durrier" mentioned in Heward's journal was also a Frenchman or a half-breed.

The Tatler feels pretty certain that Heward found a cabin or two at the Lyons end of the Portage. Frenchmen had been passing up and down that Portage for a hundred and forty years before Heward's time. It was too good a point for Indian trade to be neglected. But he does not mention finding anybody there.

Antoine Deschamps had been making trips from Mackinac into the Illinois Country by way of the Lyons Portage every year since 1778, going over the same ground that Heward traversed. Gurdon S. Hubbard, after John Kinzie, Chicago's best known early American settler, learned the trader's business under Deschamps.

Antoine Besoin was another French trader that made annual trips over our Portage down into the Illinois Country, along about the same time as Deschamps. Heward may have seen these men. Apparently he met a Frenchman at the village of Mount Juilliette. I have no doubt myself that there were Frenchmen all along the Desplaines and Illinois clear down to Kaskaskia. At Fort Clark or Peoria, there was quite a French settlement then known as LeVille de Meillet.

When Heward reached the mouth of Fox river, on the

Illinois, he certainly found the cabin of the Frenchman, Medore Jennette, who settled there in 1772. Jennette piloted Pat Kennedy up through that country, probably as far as the Sag, when Pat was looking for copper in 1773. Jennette raised a large family in his cabin near a big spring on the Illinois just opposite the mouth of the Fox. One of them was born in 1790, the year that Heward went down the river, or the year before. Possibly Heward dandled this infantile Jennette on his knee along in May, 1790. That isn't so very long ago. Anyhow, the Tatler remembers when this little offspring of the wilderness came back, an old man of ninety years, to look at the place of his birth. He found a city of 10,000 people where his father's cabin had stood.

And here we are again: Heward had seen Tom Brady in Cahokia in 1787; Brady had seen Rocheblave, Rocheblave had seen St. Agnes: the latter had seen Renault, who had seen Pierre Aco, who had seen Father Gravier, who had seen Joliet, the man who first described the Lyons Portage in 1673. This whole thing seems pretty recent and real to the Tatler, who has a cousin born on the site of Medore Jennette's cabin near the big spring.

And what did Heward carry in his "pirogue"? First, his own supplies which you will note were salt pork and hulled corn—"hog and hominy"—which was the standard fare of the French voyageurs, and which their English and American successors did not improve upon. But they were all handy

with the rod and gun. Barring the fresh air, a man could get the gout on what those old traders and trappers found to eat in the wilderness. Some of them did get the gout, as I can prove.

But for Indian trade they carried powder, bullets, knives, hatchets, beads, earrings, bells, mirrors, shirts, cotton cloth, bracelets, brass buttons, ribbons and—whiskey: always whiskey! A hundred years before Heward's time, Cadillac, the French Commandant at Michilimackinac, wrote:

“What reason can one assign that the savages should not drink brandy bought with their own money? Do they wish him to build palaces and ornament them with beautiful furniture? He would not exchange his wigwam and the mat on which he camps like a monkey, for the Louvre.”

Whiskey was the corner stone of the fur trade. The invoices of the traders that have been preserved are curiosities in the uniformity and prominence of liquor among the items. The Indian trapped the beaver, the otter and the mink, and would exchange the results of his campaign for one big drunk and a cheap blouse with brass buttons.

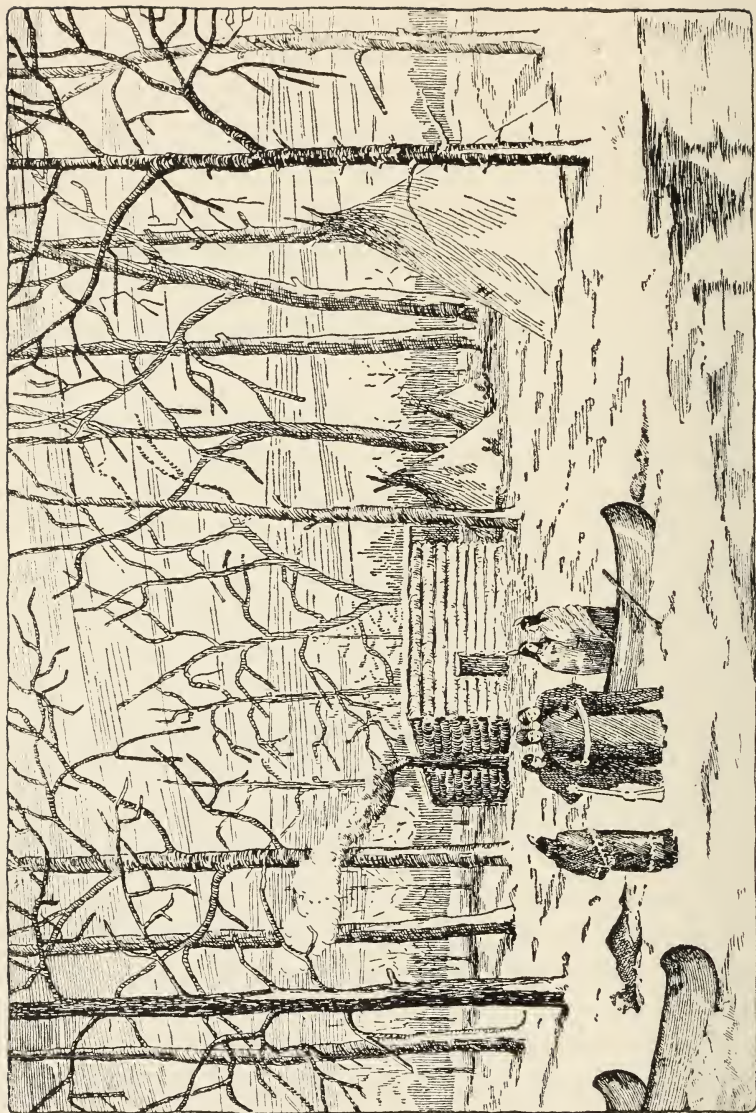
On one notable occasion in Chicago, in 1821, seven barrels of whiskey were given to the Indians and the result was ten murders before the drunk was over.

Heward was probably no better and no worse than most traders. Few people thought very deeply of the great wrong done the Indian by furnishing him whiskey. Poor Lo was

the E. Z. Mark of those days. He was robbed and despoiled by the cupidity of the white man and chiefly through the agency of whiskey. Perhaps not the least change since the time when Hugh Heward floated down from Lyons with his cargo of knicknacks and fire water, is the awakening of public conscience on this subject of furnishing our red, black or white brother with the sure and swift means of degradation and pauperism.

One curiosity of the trade of those days was salt. You find mention of it always. You will remember Heward had some sort of trouble at Chicago about salt. All over the west you find "Salt Creeks," "Salt Licks," "Salt Rivers," Saline Springs, and the like. I don't know why our Salt Creek was so named. There must have been a salt spring somewhere about. The old name for it was the "Little Desplaines." It is hard for us to appreciate how necessary salt was to the pioneer. He had to have it, not only for his health, but to preserve his meat and fish, and for a dozen other uses.

The springs where salt could be made by evaporation were all duly noted and utilized, though I imagine that the "salt" obtained thus was something more than sodium chloride, as saline waters generally have other things in solution. But it served the trader's and settler's purpose; and each of these names, so common in our local nomenclature, is a reminder of industrial and trade conditions which have long since passed away.



Winter Quarters of Marquette—1674

LYONS—ITS HISTORIC IMPORTANCE

DID you ever reflect that if it hadn't been for Lyons—Lyons the bibulous, the unregenerate, the chosen abode of Bacchus and Terpsichore, Chicago would never have been built?

Now that sounds like the exordium of a sensational sermon; but it is the simple truth. Why was Fort Dearborn erected on Chicago river? Why had there been a fort there previously? Why had Chicago always been a strategic point either for trade or war?

Simply because the Chicago river gave access to the portage at Lyons, and thereby the interior of Illinois and the Mississippi Valley could be reached by the Desplaines river. Fort Dearborn was erected to guard the portage to the Desplaines just as the old fort on the St. Joseph river near South Bend, Ind.—fought over, captured and recaptured by French, British, American and Spaniards—was built to guard the Portage to the Kankakee river.

These two portages were the gates of the Mississippi Valley from Lake Michigan; and the forts were keys to lock the gates against the trade and the incursions of the enemy.

So, Lyons or its portage was the efficient cause of Chicago. If it hadn't been for the portage, if there had been no

Desplaines river, the commercial metropolis of the West would have been built at Calumet and South Chicago.

The end of the lake is the logical clearing house between the East and West. Even as it is, for twenty years the big industries have all been tending that way. The Railway Age is trying to amend the mistake of the Age of Waterways. Had there been no portage at Lyons, which gave the *raison d'être* for Chicago and its early start, the town on Chicago river would have been a Kenosha or a Racine; a mere outskirts of the metropolis of Calumet.

And so the village of Lyons, which exercised a sort of suzerainty over La Grange when the latter was known as West Lyons, narrowly escaped being a big town. Situated as it was at the portage, had the Desplaines been a navigable stream, the Illinois and Michigan canal would never have been dug. Lyons would have been the logical point for a city—a sort of Illinois St. Paul. (The lack of water was the trouble. Lyons, or the portage, was the natural place of encampment.) It was a stage in the journey of the red man, the Frenchman and the American settler. That is why General Scott camped there with his troops when he marched from Fort Dearborn to clean the state of the Sacs and Foxes. That is why Barney Lawton built a tavern there. A big spree at Lawton's tavern way back in 1834 was the circumstance that bent the twig that inclined the local tree. Barney Lawton, or "Bernardus Laughton," as some of the early

memoirs have it, and his brother David, were Indian traders back in the eighteen-twenties. They had an establishment at Lee's place, near where Centre avenue crosses the South Branch of the Chicago river, and where the massacre of 1812 started in the killing of Mr. White.

In 1827 or 1828 the Lawtons moved to Lyons and built a tavern, or remodeled an old structure. Mrs. John H. Kinzie tells in her book about stopping there in 1831, in the dead of winter, on her way to Chicago from the big woods down near where the town of Oswego is now located. She and her party must have passed through the site of La Grange, on what is now Ogden avenue. Half frozen and famished, Lawton's place was reached at nightfall, and she describes its very unusual comfort for the wild west in being carpeted and having stoves. Evidently Barney Lawton knew the business of catering. At the time of Mrs. Kinzie's visit, the Black Hawk war had not yet taken place and the Indians were not removed from this part of the state until four years later. Such things as carpets and stoves were not common on the frontier.

A Mr. Weeks was running the tavern in the absence of Mr. Lawton at the time of Mrs. Kinzie's visit. Mrs. Kinzie gives a glimpse of Lawton's wife, recently married and pining for society and threatening to go back East to her folks unless Mr. Lawton invited some of her young friends to come and make her a visit. Well, it must have been rather stupid for

the girl out there, even with the beautiful glen at the door, with no society except traders and Indians. As nearly as the Tatler can figure the complex family trees of early Chicago, Mrs. Lawton was a bride of only five months at that time. She was from Vermont and her maiden name was Sophia Bates. She was married November 11, 1830, and Mrs. Kinzie stopped at the hotel in March, 1831.

Lawton's house in early days was always designated as a polling place for this part of the county, and the first plank road out of Chicago was built to his place. The Lawton tavern, or house, is constantly alluded to in the records of the 1830's. Yet, it was twelve miles from Chicago, and the Chicagoan of that day, whether French, Indian, half-breed or American, didn't have to go twelve miles to quench his thirst. But on one occasion, pretty much all the male population did go the twelve miles, not to drink, but to vote. They did both before they got home.

It happened in this wise: In 1833 the state was still shivering with horror of the Indian war of the year before. A special act was passed by the legislature organizing the militia of Cook County, and the election for colonel of the regiment was named for March 20, 1833, at the home of "David Lowton" (sic) "on the Desplaines river in the said county." For some reason the election did not take place until June 7, 1834. The principal one probably was that

the people paid no attention to the law until the state authorities took the matter in hand.

Now it is a curious thing that the people in this neck of the woods were down on that militia law, heart and soul. You wouldn't think that of a community that had experienced the horrors of massacre once and the alarms of war three times. But so it was. The people determined to nullify the law, to "side-step" it, in the classic phrase of today—and they did.

June 7, 1834, came, and all male Chicago (the village had grown very much in the preceding eighteen months) started for Lawton's. They brought something with them, as crowds have since done; they took certain other intangible but real things home with them, commonly known as megrims and Katzenjammers, as hundreds have since done. They elected the best known and most popular man in Chicago as colonel, Jean Baptiste Beaubien.

Then they put a barrel in the spring and in it they brewed a punch, renewing the ingredients as the barrel was depleted. We only know how much garlic the builders of the pyramid of Cheops used, not how much wheat and corned beef and cabbage. So we only know the quantity of one ingredient in that famous Ogden Avenue Punch Bowl. Sixteen dozen lemons were used; how much red liquor and sugar tradition sayeth not; neither does it relate that the punch was too sour. Anyhow, it is solemnly asserted that a larger percentage of

Chicago's population was drunk on June 7, 1834, than at any other time before or since. "There was a hot time in the old town."

The regiment organized was known as the Sixtieth Illinois Militia. Beaubien made just the sort of colonel that his partisans thought he would. But one muster of the regiment is recorded and the colonel's speech at the close of it was as follows:

"Boys, you have been good soldiers today; so we will all go down to my friend George Chackfield's and take some whiskey. George, he got some good. I try it this morning."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men"—and of communities. Lyons never got over the hot time reputation which the big militia spree gave it. It has only been of recent years that the town has been at all handy to reach from Chicago; yet the saloons went on multiplying, even when it was an out-of-the-way place. People went there for a "time," just because others had been there, and all the "times" went back to the big militia "time." And the legislature itself fixed the place of having the original high old time.

The modern history of Lyons, the history that is within easy reach of our time, begins along in 1827 or 1828, when Barney Lawton built his tavern there. It must be noted, however, that the tavern was on the north side of the river and probably not far from where the present Riverside Hotel stands, southeast of the Burlington depot.

There can be little doubt, however, that other cabins had been erected there, probably with a succession of occupants just as the first house built in Chicago was successively occupied by Jean Baptiste de Saible, the negro who built it in 1778, by Le Mai and by John Kinzie, covering a period of over 50 years. The portage was a point where in all probability white men lived singly or in groups much of the period from 1675 to Lawton's time.

Barney Lawton, or more properly, Bernardus H. Lawton (variously spelled "Laughton" and "Lorton" in old records), and his brother David, were originally Indian traders. They had a store and trading post at Hardscrabble on the South Branch, "Lee's Place," as it was known at the time of the Fort Dearborn massacre—the Bridgeport of today. They removed to Lyons or Riverside as early as 1827 or 1828. The tavern there became a landmark as a voting place, a meeting place for militia and the like.

The Lawton brothers died within a few weeks of each other in 1834. They were of great service in the Indian troubles. Their tavern was subsequently kept by a Mr. Scott and by Steven White, the latter one of the oldest settlers of Lyons township. Steven Forbes, who was the first sheriff of Cook county, was a connection of the Lawtons by marriage and lived at or near Lyons when the Lawtons died, and he helped bury both of them. Mr. Forbes afterwards

acquired quite a little land in Lyons, though, perhaps he cannot be said to have been identified with the place.

It is said on the authority of Steven White that descendants of the Lawtons were living in Chicago thirty years ago; but the Tatler can find no written mention that either Barney or David left offspring.

When Barney and David Lawton moved their abode from Hardscrabble to Lyons in 1827 or 1828, they showed about as keen foresight as men ever show in looking into the future. They located themselves at the point where the old Indian trail that led down into the state, touched the portage where passed all the traffic that went down the Desplaines to the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. Humanly speaking, they selected a spot that promised well for the future. And their tavern flourished; and how well they figured on the future can be seen from the fact that the first public road out of Chicago came straight to Lawton's tavern. Thence it proceeded through the site of La Grange along our own portion of Ogden avenue, up to Brush Hill or Fullersburg. Bridgeport became for many years what Lyons might have been; and the latter simply did not grow except as all country places grow, by the slow process of accretion from surrounding territory. Even the railroads slighted it, though it seems incredible that some of the many roads running out of Chicago should not have managed to strike its territory.

After the Lawtons, Steven White was the oldest settler

of Lyons, whether of village or township. He came to Lyons in 1830. He was a young man then, having been born back in New Hampshire, three miles south of Dartmouth College, in 1807. Possibly Mr. White could not be called an actual settler in Lyons so early as 1830; though he was a frequent resident there, at Summit, and, I believe, at Naperville, during the ten years from 1830 to 1840. After the latter date he resided continuously at Lyons until his death. He must have been about eighty years old when he died. He was a postmaster for nearly a score of years and held a number of local and township offices.

The oldest permanent settler was Edmond Polk, who came to Lyons in 1833, from Kentucky. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1776 and died in 1859. He served in the war of 1812 under General Harrison. Two of his sons, both born in Kentucky, came with their father to Lyons, Henry H. Polk and Wesley Polk. Edmond Polk of La Grange is the son of the latter, who was a soldier in the Civil war and who held township and local offices.

Another old settler of Lyons was Joshua Sackett, who built the first log house in Lyons and also kept a tavern on Ogden avenue, not far from where Schultz's quarry now is. This tavern was afterwards kept by Theodorus Doty, who was for many years a prominent citizen of Lyons, but who finally went to Chicago and kept a hotel at Randolph and State streets. He died at an advanced age.

If the Tatler is correctly informed, the German colonization commenced in the fifties. It was successful, although the town is not so Teutonic as some people think. Most of the people there are the second generation.

The Tatler will have to confess his complete ignorance of the origin of the name. No trustworthy chronicle that he has seen, or tradition that he has heard, tells when or why it was so named.

I would like to think that it was a relic of the days of French occupation and named for the city on the Rhone in France. That would appeal to sentiment. But in the old French letters and "voyages" it is never called Lyons, but always "Le Portage." And, by the way, the Desplaines is always "Riviere Aux Plaines," in the French accounts, when it is not called the River of the Illinois, or the Divine river. Many of the older settlers in the Tatler's recollection invariably called the river "Auxplaines."

In the absence of proof of some other origin, it would not be at all an absurd supposition to infer that Lyons might have been named by the French traders who continued to use the portage and the Desplaines river for a hundred years after the French chronicles of the explorers, missionaries and travelers ceased.

But it is quite as likely that the little old town had a Hibernian origin for its name, in some Michael J. or Patrick F. Lyons. And the present Teutonic population prejudice

has not induced them to change its French or Hibernian appellation to the more (shall we say, descriptive?) name of "Pilsen" or "Budweis."

Up in Canada the French boatmen still sing the songs of Picardy; and for a hundred years or more the Desplaines probably heard the same old songs that one can hear on the rivers in Quebec today. Lyons is still musical at times, but the shades of the vanished French voyageurs would hardly recognize the echoes of their own barcarolles in "Not Because Your Hair Is Curly," or "Thursday Is My Jonah Day."

So we ought to look forbearingly on our venerable neighbor on the Desplaines. It has been the cause of great things and great deeds. Let us love and cherish Lyons; and when we get a chance under the local option law, let us hide the old man's bottle and see if the most interesting and historic character in Illinois can't be induced to "boil out" and reform in its old age. Its offspring, Chicago, is past striving for, I fear.

The Tatler might as well confess that he has a personal and selfish reason for wanting to see Lyons clothed in respectability once more, and in its right mind—or somebody else's. I rise to a point of personal privilege and the reader can skip it if he wants to:

Lyons was the scene of one of Grandfather Tatler's earliest triumphs. That was long ago, not so very many years after

Barney Lawton died in his tavern. Tatler grandpere was a fairly young man then. He built a mill at Lyons; not a gin mill, but an honest grist mill.

He didn't stay there. But he might have done so, and the Tatler might have been born there. Grandfather thought the immediate region around there, "The Glen" and all that, the prettiest place in the state. So perhaps my previously confessed infatuation with Riverside is a hereditary taint.

Anyhow, Lyons has always seemed a sort of foster birth-place to me, and I long to see it made worthy of that distinction. You see from this that the Tatler loves that dear old reprobate, Lyons; and if he could only feel the same love and charity towards some other sinners he wots of, his conscience would be tolerably comfortable.

When the Lawtons died, there was still a large probability that there would be a good sized town at Lyons and another at Brush Hill. There certainly would have been one at Lyons had progress proceeded on the lines that it might reasonably be expected to follow. But progress balked; and Lyons was condemned to remain a mere outskirts, relegated to one side, while commerce and trade sought out a new channel.

It could reasonably be expected, for instance, when the canal was dug, that it would follow the line of least resistance, and this would have been along the old water communication between Lake Michigan and the waters of the Mississippi valley. In that event, the west fork of the South

Branch of the Chicago river would have been dredged out to Mud lake, a channel cut through the old portage to the Desplaines, and the latter river improved to its junction with the Illinois. That would have made Lyons the head of river navigation. But the Illinois and Michigan canal was dug and paralleled the old water communication for the whole of the way for its hundred miles and more of length. Perhaps it was the best thing to do; it doesn't seem very wise now. Anyhow, Lyons is the most historic spot in Illinois. Think of the associations that cluster around it. For over a hundred years it saw a succession of explorers, missionaries and traders from Canada pass down the Desplaines. Marquette, La Salle, Tonti, Joliet, St. Cosme, all the great names of early western annals, passed that way. All the great Indian chieftains knew the place, and scores of names familiar to the history of the West and of Chicago are associated with Lyons and its portage.

Now instead of a White City, Lyons ought to have a Hall of Fame; something like the rotunda of the Marquette building with its pictorial and sculptured representations of the men of old time. And what a gallery they would make, all those great names that knew Lyons in its days of innocence! It would be an epitome of the early history of the Northwest and make Lyons famous.

Reverence for the great Frenchmen who came to Illinois in the seventeenth century is steadily increasing. It is only

in the last generation that their heroism and achievements have been fully appreciated. They are no longer the shadowy figures of tradition that they were fifty years ago; but the very real heroes of the Great West. For our knowledge of them has been increased through the publication of old Jesuit "Relacions" and official and private letters, and we now actually know more of some of them than of the fathers of New England.

Lyons ought to be their common shrine, as Plymouth Rock is of the Puritans; but really, would the spirit of Father Marquette feel quite at home in the Lyons of today, although the place was hallowed by his prayers in the awful winter he spent there, when his frail body almost gave up the ghost.

Some local Peter the Hermit should preach a new crusade for the rescue of Lyons from the hands of the modern Saracens. There are a lot of good people there. Would it be a good plan to get Billy Sunday to preach? Maybe he could work the wonder of turning the beer into water, and so rehabilitate the most interesting place in Illinois.

THE LAST TREATY WITH THE ILLINOIS INDIANS

START on any topic connected with the early history of Northern Illinois and sooner or later you will fetch up in the vicinity of Lyons or at least pass through it. For instance:

Some years ago the Chicago newspapers were telling of a supposed discovery in connection with the site of the Association House of the West North avenue settlement, at North avenue and Leavitt street. We were told that "efforts are being made to have the site marked by a tablet to show that a famous Indian treaty was made there in the early history of Chicago. The owner of the land expresses himself as willing to erect the tablet 'if he could find out with some degree of accuracy just what it should commemorate.' "

His attitude was praiseworthy. The tablet might be prepared while the research is going on and the inscription made after the facts were ascertained. If it was found that no Indian treaty was made there, as it probably would be, the tablet might be made to do service to mark the site of another's "Lover's Leap."

There must be at least 5,000 high spots in this country that commemorate the Indian maiden who chanted her death

song and jumped into space and eternity because her father, old Chief Hickorynut, wouldn't let her marry the young brave of her choice. It is true that at the West North avenue site there was not much room for a leap to death. But as there was timber there, the Indian maiden, Star Eyes or Mayme, could have found sufficient drop for practical purposes, if not for a gallery play.

Here is where Lyons comes in, in this treaty business. The evident purpose of the amateur historians of North avenue is to transfer the location of the last treaty with the Illinois Indians from near Fort Dearborn to the point on the ridge at the north, where Leavitt street intersects North avenue. There is not the slightest fact on which to base such a perversion of history. All the particulars of that treaty are well known, not only through American records, but by the distinterested testimony of an English traveler who was present in Chicago at the time and tells the whole story.

The treaty making was done in September, 1833. The sessions of the commissioners and chiefs were held in a temporary building just north of the river. When the Indians were finally removed west of the Mississippi, according to the terms of the treaty, the last meeting was held at Lyons, and from Lyons the start was made for the west.

But it was just two years before the treaty was carried into effect. The first party of Indians left Chicago Septem-

ber 21, 1835, with their chiefs, Alexander Robinson, Billy Caldwell and La Framboise, all three of them half-breeds. They assembled at Lyons and the final distribution of goods was made. In all, 5,000 Indians were removed from this part of the country. This emigration was conducted by Col. J. B. F. Russel. So Lyons saw the last act in this great tragedy of white and red in Illinois.

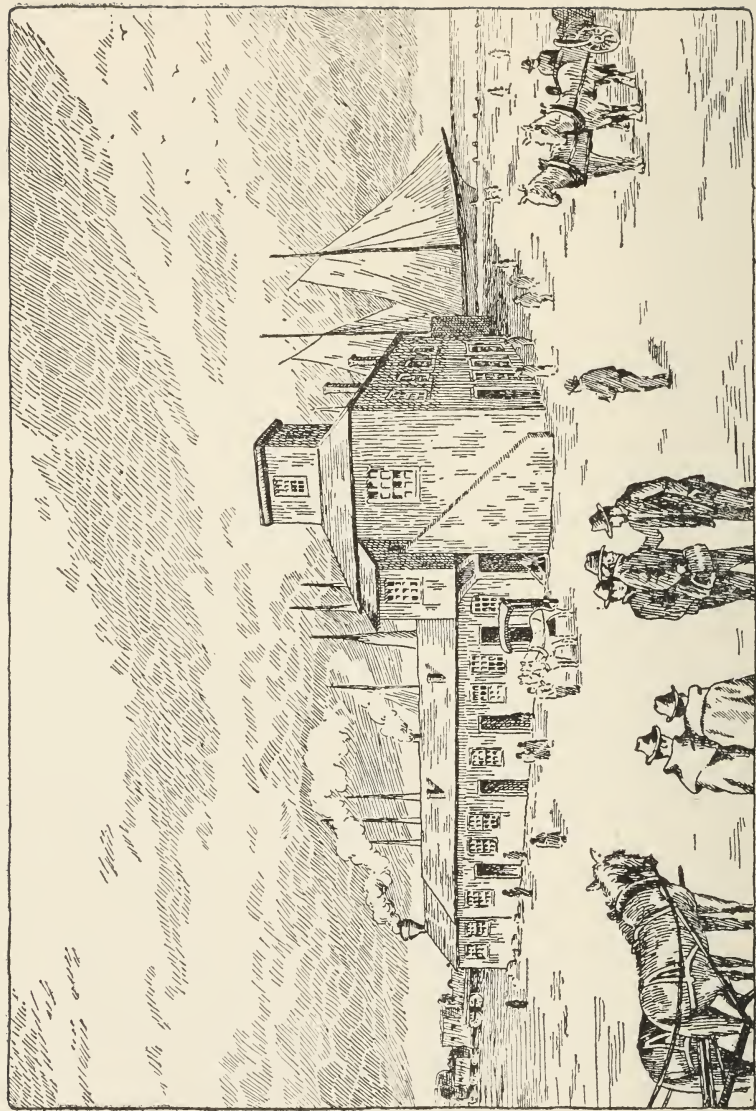
Talk about graft! No such carnival of that ancient article has been seen in your or my time, gentle reader, as occurred when the white man chiseled the Indian out of his lands in Northern Illinois. We need not emphasize the fact that the "treaty" was a mockery, so far as the name was concerned. The Indians, as well as the whites, understood that the treaty was compulsory. Like the man in the story, the Indians had to be "resigned." Mind you, these were not hostile Indians who had been scalping the whites the year before, but friendly Indians—the Chippewas, Ottawas and Pottawatemies, with chiefs like Rochelle and Shaubeena, who had been steadfast in their friendship. But it was in the outrageous distribution of the consideration supposed to be paid to these Indians, many of whom had been useful friends of the whites for a generation, that the graft came in. First, \$100,000 was provided for sundry individuals in whose behalf reservations had been asked and denied. Many of these were sufferers in the wars with the Sacs and Foxes. Others were chiefs and half breeds like Robinson and Cald-

well, who really deserved well of the government; but why should their compensation have been made part of the price of the ceded lands?

Then, \$175,000 was set aside to pay claims against the Indians, preferred by whites. These claims were not audited or disputed by the Indians, for the Indians knew they might compromise their own rights by contesting unjust claims. This \$175,000 was divided among about 250 claimants. The sums claimed ranged from \$15 to over \$5,000. Curiously enough, some of the men who had had the most dealings with the Indians and probably had the largest claims against them, scheduled the smallest claims. Thus, Gurdon S. Hubbard collected only \$125, although he had dealt with the Indians for twenty years. Joseph Naper of Naperville claimed only \$71. These sums show up with luster compared with the sums demanded and collected by most of the 250, which comprised most of the adult population of the northern part of the state. Our old friend Barney Lawton collected \$1,000. But then Barney really had traded with the Indians most of his life.

The remaining \$100,000 was to be paid in goods, besides other sums to be given the Indians in their new home. Let us hope that the contractors were half way decent about it, for the sake of the Indian and our own honor. But don't for a minute, gentle reader, nurse the delusion that the political bosses who steal and plunder are a new breed in American

history. Grafting is a mighty old article, like radium, only the name is new. Just turn to II Kings, Chapter 5, and read how Gahazi, the servant of the prophet Elisha got graft from Naaman, the Syrian. It would shame a ward heeler.



"Galena" Depot, Kinzie and Canal Streets, Built in 1849

THE FUR TRADE IN NORTHERN ILLINOIS

OF course in those good old times when the Indian snared the aristocratic mink on Salt creek and took the plebeian muskrat by guile over at Mud lake (or almost anywhere in Cook county), when the song of the voyageur was heard on the Desplaines, and the crack of the hunter's rifle echoed at the deer licks, life was one long Arcadian existence, unvexed by modern ills. There were no trusts, no grafting, no cheating. Everybody was happy and most everybody was prosperous.

That's the way it seems in romance and at a distance; but if we can read half what is written between the lines of the records we may thank God that "Waubun"—the early day—is gone by, never to return.

The history of Northern Illinois for 160 years is simply the history of the fur trade, and that history shows that under French, English or American auspices, there were trusts, political pull, over-reaching, and all the evils we think are distinctively modern. Do you know that William Waldorf Astor is spending money now, the nest egg of which was found around this part of the country a century ago? Salt creek, the Desplaines, and the streams and woods around

here paid for some of the Manhattan land which the Astors own.

To go back: the French of course were the first fur traders out here, as they were also the last, the total period covering almost two centuries. To trade in furs required a license from the government. The fellows with money and "influence" at Montreal and Quebec organized the business in a form which lasted during nearly all of that time. They fitted out the "engages" as they were called or "voyageurs"—the most intrepid and hardy breed of men that ever lived.

These men, called "pork eaters" by the early Americans of the same type, would leave Montreal, Quebec, or Michilimackinac, with their outfits and merchandise, would cross lakes, "pack" their goods over portages, descend or ascend rivers and penetrate practically to every nook and corner of the West and Northwest where there were Indians to trade with. They came to the Illinois country in the fall and returned in the spring. Their term of service was usually from three to five years. Their food was salt pork, hominy and tallow. Yes, tallow. But you need not waste any sympathy on them on account of their food. Through the year they could manage now and then to vary their diet with such things as wild turkey, prairie chicken, mallard duck, quail, wood pigeon, venison, bear meat, buffalo meat (prior to about 1780), black bass, pickerel, pike and fifty other kinds of fish, flesh and fowl not to mention berries, nuts and

other spoil of the woods and prairies. We need not pity the poor "engages" on the score of their menu.

These Canadian Frenchmen were extraordinary people in their endurance and activity. But that was true of all the French in the America of that day. The records of their movements between given points strike us with amazement. Father Marquette, for instance, traveled 2,800 miles in about 135 days. The "engages" were simply tireless. And they knew how to get along with the Indians. It was rarely one of them was killed. In 1791 the Pottawattomies at Chicago killed a Frenchman. They remarked parenthetically that "there were plenty of Frenchmen," meaning that one more or less did not signify. Such occurrences were uncommon.

When the French lost their North American possessions to England in 1763 the fur trade passed almost completely to the Hudson Bay Company. In 1783 its great success caused the Northwest Fur Company to be organized at Quebec. The latter employed voyageurs instead of having trading posts. Later the Mackinac Company became a successful contestant for the fur trade.

In 1809 John Jacob Astor organized the American Fur Company, which was chartered in New York. Mr. Astor was the "company." Later on Mr. Astor showed his capacity for Italian penmanship in a law passed by Congress in 1815, prohibiting foreigners from dealing in furs in the United States and territories. All of Mr. Astor's competitors were

either put out of business or consolidated with his concern. It is a great thing to be an American citizen when that kind of a law is passed, particularly if your competitors are not.

But the American government went a great deal further than that. The Indian agents of the government were directed to grant licenses to such persons as the representatives of Mr. Astor would designate. This allowed him to use all the voyageurs he wanted and to put down competitors. The government was largely responsible for the size of the fortune which the expatriated descendant of John Jacob Astor is enjoying abroad—so far as his unsatisfied social ambitions will let him enjoy it at all.

Jean Baptiste Beaubien, he that was elected colonel of the Sixtieth Illinois Militia when the Big Spree occurred at Lyons in 1834, came to Chicago as the representative of the American Fur Company in 1818. Later the company was represented in Chicago by John Crafts. John Kinzie succeeded Crafts. There were other traders here, of course, but those who traded on a large scale seemed to fare worse in competition with the big company with government "pull" back of it than the little fellows.

A great many letters are still accessible bearing upon the conduct of the fur trade around this end of Lake Michigan. They shed a curious light on the state of affairs. Whiskey was a large item in the invoices shipped to Chicago. Here is an extract from one letter:

"I understand from Coquillard that it is very important for his trade that there should be some whiskey deposited at Chicago to his order. He says Bertrand always sells whiskey to the Indian trade, which gives him a great advantage. He says the whiskey can be landed on one side of the St. Joseph river where it will be on United States lands, that it may be transported all the way to his house on government land. He says his home is also on government land and this is, he thinks, a protection."

Probably Coquillard got the whiskey. There is record of plenty of it being sent to Chicago from Mackinac. Our prohibition friends will take note that not long ago the government sent a man to prison for selling whiskey to the Indians, while its attitude in the 'twenties was otherwise.

There are other letters which smack of the Standard Oil methods, back in those good old days; short methods of destroying competition and the like. They are not particularly edifying, the whole batch of them; but they are illuminating. They show that the octopus is not a new monster; that greed was the same human weakness then as now. If your imagination can fill in the picture of the life as it was you will be better satisfied with today. Grandfather Tatler exploded a bomb filled with righteous wrath over the head of one of the Nestors who was whining over the good old days:

"Hang it, man. There were no good old days out west

here and you know it. Everybody except vagabond hunters worked like blazes. There was no labor-saving machinery and no man-saving machinery. Everybody was poor who was honest. There were mighty few comforts and no luxuries. Pretty nearly everybody drank whiskey; the patches on his clothes didn't look so big when he was full of poison, but they were there just the same. Counterfeiting was a regular business, and the genuine money often turned out no better than the counterfeit. Men with pull got bank charters and there was log rolling and speculation of all kinds by politicians. You worked for me for 75 cents a day, one winter, and I had hard work to get the cash to pay you. Everything we raised was cheap and sometimes we couldn't sell it at all; and everything we had to buy was dear. Darn such rot as your talk of good old times. Illinois wasn't fit to live in until 1865."

BRUSH HILL

BRUSH HILL, or Fullersburg, was on the old Indian trail. Way back in the 'thirties two roads were laid out from Chicago, and both followed old trails. One was Dooley's beloved "Archie" road and the other started from the old Bull's Head tavern on West Madison street and extended to what is now Lyons. Later it was extended to Du Page county, or to Brush Hill, and still later it became known as the Southwestern Plank road.

It is now known as Ogden avenue the whole length; but the generation is not all dead that insisted on calling it "the plank road."

The old road as originally improved extended to Lawton's house, which was at Lyons. Lawton and his brother were both agents for the American Fur Company, one of the first trusts of this country; and both, so we are told by local historians, had married Indian wives. Lawton's house was also on the old trail; so was Lee's place, or "Hardscrabble," where the Indian massacre of 1812 commenced. That was in the vicinity of Centre avenue and the south branch of the Chicago river. Go as far down into the country as you like and you will find that all the first settlements were along the old trails; just as many of our present towns occupy the sites of prehistoric villages.

This tendency to follow the beaten path; to imitate those who have gone before, is as old as creation. Schliemann found a prehistoric Troy under Homer's Ilion; in Chaldea they find the remains of forgotten cities; a layer of ruins and a layer of earth, representing epochs of activity and quiescence. As many as seven of them have been found so that a transverse section of the site looks like a slice of the birthday cake that mother makes for Jimmie.

But to get back to Lyons. Now Lawton probably did not settle there by mere chance. He built there, either because somebody had lived there before him, or because people passed that way. It was on the trail, to be sure, but was there no other reason? You have heard of the "portage" between the "Lake of the Illinois," or Lake Michigan, and the "Divine river," as the early French called the Illinois. All through the occupation of the Illinois country, say from 1675 to 1765, the "portage" was utilized for boats. The French explorers and missionaries passed from the lake down to Fort St. Louis, to Creve Coeur, and beyond, to Kaskaskia and the Mississippi river settlements, by this route. Indians had used it before them, for nobody knows how many generations. It was used early in the last century. But the settlement of the country and the use of horses and oxen caused it to fall into disuse.

Where was this portage? It seems strange that there should be controversy on such a point; and yet, the accounts

of the French voyageurs and the early maps are so indefinite that it is difficult to state with certainty just where it was.

Some have thought it was from the North branch of the Chicago river into the Desplaines. Others think that the portage must have been from the South branch to the Desplaines, and still others, from the Grand Calumet, in the vicinity of Blue Island. Wherever it was the distance was short and the portage easily accomplished. It evidently was no serious task to haul the boats over the intervening land.

Now take a map of Cook county and look in the vicinity of Berwyn and Lyons. You will find that the West fork of the South branch of the Chicago river extends, or used to extend, south of Berwyn almost to the Desplaines river, where the latter makes its big bend to the east and then south around the two sides of Lyons. The two streams are only a few hundred yards apart, and in flood time their waters certainly used to join. The line of the true watershed between the lake region and the Mississippi valley passes just south of Berwyn.

This meets the statements of the old travelers who said the waters often joined at the portage. This was certainly the case even a few years ago. In early days the West fork of the South branch was probably a more pretentious stream than later; at least it probably had more water and less mud in it. Even if the portage was from Lee's place to Lyons, it

would not be very long or difficult over a country level enough for a croquet ground.

Cui bono? No good at all if you don't care for such things. But if the mention of Marquette, LaSalle, Hennepin, Joliet (he spelled it Jolliet), Tonty and those other daring explorers and self denying missionaries of the Cross, some of whom became martyrs, doesn't stir your blood and excite your reverence, you ought to be exiled from this state—which you will probably call "Illinoy" with an inflection that accentuates the quotation marks. If you will compare the white men who first traversed this state with those who settled most of the other states of the Union, these great names will not lose in the comparison, whether of their heroic daring, humanity or devotion. They tower above the rest of the explorers as the statue of LaSalle does over the crowd in Lincoln Park.

If the portage of the Illinois had one end at Lyons we are living near historic ground. In that case, the stream of explorers and missionaries passed and repassed almost at our doors. Possibly Father Marquette's lodge was there, the one the Indians built for him when he was taken down with the illness which later ended in death.

People cannot travel a hundred years along a route without leaving traces and relics. You find them everywhere along the line of French occupation of the Illinois country. If this theory is correct, there still ought to be indications of

its truth still to be found in the vicinity of Lyons. The boys down there who haunt the banks of streams, as boys ever have and ever will, no doubt have found relics. Probably there was a camping place there, where hundreds of parties has stopped for the night; almost a permanent camp, at times, perhaps a cabin or two.

And that is why Lawton built his house there probably. It was a traditional station of the French and the Indians. That is why the first road from Chicago was laid out to Lawton's house, and why the trolley line follows the plank road. And so one gets back to Brush Hill. Man follows the beaten paths.

The discovery that the Illinois portage was actually at Lyons or near there, would be a contribution to history. Who will search and find it?

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FAC SIMILE
of the Autograph Map of the
MISSISSIPPI
OR
Conception River.

DRAWN BY

FATHER MARQUETTE
at the time of his voyage.

From the Original preserved in the Library of
MONTREAL.

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CHATEAU DE MONTREAL
à l'embouchure du
MISSISSIPPI

LAC SUPERIEUR ON
DE TRACY

LES GRANDES
"PAGES"

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LAC DES
ILINOIS

R. DES CONTOUR

RACHAUNA A

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BASSIN DE LA FLORIDE

FLORIDE

NATIONS DANS LES TERRES

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CHAGANAP

SAKINUNBA

MATAHAI

APLONONBA

ATATYHALL

AKOORA

PAPIKAWA

CHATELON

PANIAJJA

TANAKA

ALACHE

METOMIGANEA

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EARLY SETTLERS — FUR TRADERS

ONE of the earliest American settlers in Illinois was Thomas R. Covell, who went from Alton, in 1824, to a point on the Illinois river about seventy-five miles southwest of Chicago where he settled. His name is preserved in that of one of the most picturesque and beautiful streams to be found anywhere in the West—Covell creek. Only one white man had preceded him to that remarkably beautiful and fertile part of the state. This was a Doctor Davidson from Virginia, an educated man, but a recluse, who had settled about a mile from Covell's place in 1823. Davidson was found dead in his bed in 1826, and left books and manuscripts which, unfortunately, were not preserved.

Mr. Covell came to the region around LaGrange and settled, first near Plainfield and then on Salt Creek about 1833, so that he was a pioneer in three different parts of the state.

Covell creek is only about four miles from a spot where treasure has been looked for many times; Starved Rock, the picturesque and Gibraltar-like site of the French Fort Saint Louis, built by the great La Salle in 1682 and occupied by Tonti for several years, seventeen or eighteen. Old Fort Saint Louis has been the scene of money digging expeditions.

Long after the fort had been abandoned and after the tragedy enacted there in which the Pottawattomies almost annihilated the Illinois Indians which transformed the name from Le Rocher to "Starved Rock" a legend grew up that Tonti had buried treasure there.

For many years pits were discernible on the rock and around its base where people had dug for Tonti's supposed wealth. They did not seem to realize that the "money" which Tonti had was in furs. In the year of grace 1690, or thereabouts, actual metallic money was of no particular use in Illinois for any purpose.

Some years ago a Chicago lawyer showed the writer a letter which he had received from Quebec enclosing a copy of a letter dated 1774, at Saint Louis (not Fort St. Louis but the Missouri metropolis), from a young French officer to some relative in Quebec. In the letter the officer stated that he would leave for Quebec in the course of a few weeks, bringing with him about \$2000 in property and money.

The officer never arrived at his destination. His route would have been up the Desplaines to Lyons, across to Chicago, then up to Mackinaw, then over into Huron and across the portage to the Ottawa river in Canada. Somewhere along the road, presumably in Illinois, from the facts submitted, he died or met a violent death.

The purpose of the letter from the French gentlemen in Quebec was to inquire if a claim could be made against the

American government for the disappearance of the property. The writer of the letter was a descendant of the young officer. The claim had lain dormant for about one hundred and twenty years. But as the disappearance occurred when Illinois was under British rule, and before the United States came into existence there was not much of a chance to collect anything at Washington. People with modern claims, the justice of which is not disputed, have found it difficult to get them honored at our capital. The Quebec claim was hopeless from any point of view.

It was not so many years ago that the fur trade was the great thing in this country, right around here. Did it ever occur to you that eighty years ago Illinois was valued, not for its fertility or mines or timber, but because of its furs? For two hundred years, almost, a stream of whites and half breeds passed in and out of Illinois, drawn hither, not by the splendid soil, but by the traffic in furs. This of course, in reference to the northern half of the state, which was, when the white man first visited it, the finest hunting and trapping ground in the present limits of the United States.

Jean Nicolet came to the Illinois country in 1640. Probably French trappers and traders had preceded even him. Anyhow, from 1671 on to our time, there were always Frenchmen in Illinois, from Chicago and the portage of Lyons down to the Mississippi. Down at Kaskaskia, Fort Chartres, Prairie du Rocher and the other towns the French

engaged in agriculture and milling. It is recorded that in one year, in 1730 or thereabouts, 4000 barrels of flour were sent down the Mississippi to New Orleans. But up around here and down the Desplaines and Illinois rivers to Fort Creve Coeur (subsequently Fort Clark and now Peoria) the Frenchmen trafficked in furs.

The Americans who began to come to the Illinois country, say about the time Fort Dearborn was first erected in 1803, came for the same purpose as the French. From 1670 to 1830 white men came to this part of the country for two purposes only; to trade in furs or convert the Indians. When Father Marquette expected to die in his rude cabin, probably not much more than five miles from LaGrange, there were French traders with him, whom he had found probably at the forks of the Chicago river, or at what was known 140 years later as "Lee's Place" and now passes under the rather indefinite name of Bridgeport. The missionary generally found that the trader had preceded him; and the first people who actually came to make their homes on the land, always discovered that these two classes had preceded them.

For instance, John Kinzie came to Chicago in 1804. You have seen the picture of his comfortable cabin, in old books, with the row of poplars in front of it. It is usually called the "first house in Chicago." Now, Kinzie only enlarged that house, he was not the builder of it. He got it from a French trader, Le Mai, who had occupied it. And Le Mai

got it from the negro Jean Baptiste, who lived there years before. It was an old house when John Kinzie got it.

And again, Gurdon S. Hubbard came here in 1818. He tells of two French traders, Deschamps and Besoin, who had made an annual trip to Chicago and down the Desplaines and Illinois every year since 1778. These traders told him that when they first came to Chicago the North branch was called Guarrie's river, from a French trader named Guarrie, who had, for many years, occupied a cabin on its banks. And Guarrie may have occupied a site that had been occupied by another trader's cabin. I feel certain that Lee's place, and Lyons, had successive traders as occupants a hundred years before they are mentioned as actually settled.

The history and records of the fur trade in this part of the country would fill a volume. It seems incredible to us who know the riches of the state, that almost the sole gainful occupation of the people had to do with furs. It is not so very long ago either. It is hardly sixty years since the last of the fur traders forsook the Illinois river. The fur trade, with its romance and deviltry (for it was the chief agency that debauched the Indian with whiskey) belongs to the past. It is a genuine antiquity.

The woods, streams and swamps all over this part of the state abounded in fur bearing animals. In one year, 1818-19, the government agent at Chicago handled nearly 30,000 muskrat skins alone; and the government was not a popular

firm to deal with either. Much of the plunder handled at Chicago early in the last century came from within a short distance. But a large share of it was brought up the Illinois and Desplaines river to Lyons, and thence across the portage into Mud lake and the South branch, following the route the French traders had done for 150 years. The French and French half-breeds were in the business to the last, even in Chicago, and disappeared only with the removal of the Indians in 1835.

NAMES AND THEIR CHANGES

IT is a surprise to find in the voluminous testimony of the suit over the Dresden dam on the Desplaines river, which was tried in the courts not long ago, a reference in the statement of a witness to a certain "Bulbony Grove."

Now the witness was evidently not a man of education, but one of the kind who get the etymology from speech rather than from reading. "Bulbona" is a name to be found in printed records, and referring to a grove near Kankakee; but it was years ago that the name was applied to what is now known as Bourbonnais, a village which was the birth-place of several honored residents of La Grange. And the colloquial "Bulbony" of the witness was a pardonable distortion of a name that was itself a distortion of a real name.

The Tatler cites this instance because it is a curious example of the maiming which names occasionally suffer before they become matters of record in print. "Bulbona" was reasonably supposed by some to be an Indian proper name; by others the name of a French trader whose given name was Pierre.

There was, in fact, neither Indian chief nor French trader of that name. The original of the name was Francis Bourbonnais, Sr., who settled there about 1825 and from whom the village is now rightly called.

How did people get "Bulbona" out of his name? I don't know, any more than I can imagine how Americans get their

common pronunciation of the name, "Bourbonnais" (with the accent on the second syllable) from the original. But it seems likely that the Indians themselves twisted the Frenchman's name into "Bulbano." Many Indian tongues cannot pronounce the letter "r," and like the Chinese, substitute "L."

Now this may be going around Robin Hood's barn to get to the point, which is that some of our Indian names are not Indian at all, or are corruptions of Indian words made by early settlers. And perhaps "Kankakee," a close neighbor to Bourbonnais, is as good an example as any that could be cited. It is not an Indian word. The river from which the city derived its name was called "Theakiki," according to Charlevoix, who also states that the French Canadians called it "Kiakiki." The name has been referred to the Iroquois word "Kantakee"; but that is mere assumption. The probable fact is that just as the French voyageurs corrupted the original name to "Kiakiki," the English still further changed it to its present form.

"Waukegan," the town up in Lake county, is an example of something similar. The old name was Little Fort. There had been a French trading post there as early as about the year 1700, and the first American settlers called the place "Little Fort" on that account. Along in the eighteen forties the inhabitants thought they ought to have an Indian name of similar import and substituted "Waukegan." That is

near enough to the Indian "Wakiegan," meaning a "white man's house or fort," to pass muster; but the experts tell us that if the intention was to translate the old name Little Fort, they should have called it "Waukiegance."

A somewhat similar story is told of Winnetka, which means "beautiful place," but the Tatler can not verify the yarn. The name is appropriate enough; but the legend the Tatler heard was that it was claimed by an old settler to be a good Indian name because he had manufactured it himself.

A great many of the Indian names in Illinois bear only a remote resemblance to their originals, due, no doubt, to the twist which the tongues of French voyageurs and American settlers, none too discriminating, gave to them. Somonauk, over in DeKalb county, comes from "essemiak," which in Pottawattomie means "pawpaw tree." Amboy, in Lee county, was "emboli" meaning a "bowl." Sangamon is said to have no nearer relative in Indian than "Sachamo" or "Sagamo," meaning "chief" (sachem; sagamore). Nor can they find a nearer Indian original for the pretty village of Tiskilwa in Bureau county than "Chitchishkwa"—"plover."

"Calumet" is a famous Chicago name and is good Indian. But how did it ever come to be applied to the river and district to the south of Chicago? The original name was Kelie-manuk, or something like that. If "Calumet" was a rechristening, well and good, but there is enough similarity in the

two to suggest mayhem perpetrated by the early whites on the original red man's speech.

And really you can not blame the white settlers who found difficulty enough with their own language, judging from some of the specimens they have left us in writing, even in public documents, if they took liberties with Pottawattomie words and names and proceeded to trim them down to fit the Anglo-Saxon larynx. Just cast your eyes on these:

Beseewawkeetuck, Kaikawtaimon, Nekawnoshkee Wais wokeneaw, Ahbetekezhic, Tscheetscheechinbequay, Etowon-cote, Wahbememee, Ahsagamshcum, Misquabonoquah, Puckqueckaminnee, Okemakwahbasee.

Doesn't that look like a piece of printer's "pi"? But it isn't. It is simply a cursory selection from the names of the Indian chiefs signed to the Chicago Treaty of 1833. Think of the time consumed in calling the roll of an assembly with names like the above.

Wouldn't you yourself feel like cutting off the dog's tail just behind the ears if you had to deal with etymological canines like those? Sure you would, or else make a short cut of the difficulty by calling Mr. Neseewawbeetuck "Mike" or "Dutchy."

It isn't much wonder that the white men showed even less respect to the Indian names than they did to the Indians themselves. If words are petrifications, as some philologist

has said, those Pottawattomie names are not encrinites, but plesiosaurians.

Speaking of the names of the chiefs signed to the Chicago Treaty, one name deserves particular attention because it illustrates the uncertainties and vagaries of the orthography of Indian names. In the list from which the above selection was taken is the name "Shabenai."

Now this name was that of a Pottawattomie chief better known in northern Illinois than any Indian except Black Hawk. He was a friend of the whites and a monument has been erected to his memory at Morris, Ill. It is known as the "Shabbona" monument, for this is the variation of his name which has been perpetuated where he was known best. There is a Shabbona and also a Shabbona Grove post office in De Kalb county and streets and parks in divers towns that bear the name of Shabbona. Yet he is referred to in memoirs and other documents as "Shaubena," and "Billy Caldwell," another Indian chief who ought to have known Shabbona's name, called it "Chamblee" in a written document.

There are, in fact, a dozen variations of this name to be found in records of his time. Poor old Shabbona! He made his mark after his name in the treaty; but he might have said, if asked to spell his name, what the illiterate but shrewd Irish woman said to the postmaster who couldn't understand

her Gaelic pronunciation of her name, and asked her to spell it: "Sure, there's many ways of spellin' it."

But if Chief Shabbona, who couldn't spell his name one way, has attained historical immortality with twelve different spellings of it, still older Chief Chicagou has gone him several better. For there has been more than the popular 57 varieties in the ways of spelling "Chicago," though it is the city and not the chief of the same name that has produced this heterographical crop.

But that is another and a longer story, the telling of which will follow in due course.

Certainly it ought not to be a very difficult task to determine just when, how and why a young city like Chicago got its curious name. Of course not. All you have to do is to find out just when the first whites came, whether they named the place or continued the Indian name and why. Mighty simple proposition.

And how long have white men been residents in Chicago and at the portage at Lyons? Only a small matter of 235 years, to be exact. Some are so bold as to believe that there were Frenchmen in this part of the country 250 years ago. The Tatler is among the number.

At any rate, there were Frenchmen in Chicago or at Lyons when there was only a fringe of English settlements on the Atlantic coast. They were here when New England was still in dread of the red man's tomahawk, and long

before the South Atlantic and Gulf states had their first English settlers.

Father Marquette was in Chicago and Lyons in 1674 and he found Frenchmen living in Illinois, probably down at Oswego, near Aurora. It seems more than probable to me that he occupied a cabin at Lyons previously built by white men.

How long before Marquette's time French traders had been surreptitiously coming to the Illinois country by way of Chicago and the portage at Lyons, there is no means of telling. They did it "on the sly," and would no more tell of their trips than people do now when engaged in a forbidden business. It is not a big stretch of probabilities to assume that they had been coming and going for fifteen or twenty years before Marquette's time. That fills out a sort of occupation by white men from 250 years ago down to the present for it is pretty certain that there were always white men coming and going, from Marquette's visit down to the period when the recorded history of Chicago begins.

There were only two routes from the French villages down in Southwestern Illinois and Fort St. Louis in Northern Illinois to Canada. One was by the Illinois river and the Kankakee and the other by the Illinois and Desplaines. The latter was the common route. That is why there was probably always a fort of some kind at Chicago long before Fort Dearborn was built in 1804. Chicago and the Lyons

portage was the strategic point to protect the occupation of Illinois. That is why the British attempted twice to occupy Chicago during the Revolutionary war. Illinois was at the mercy of those who occupied and could hold Chicago and its portage.

But Marquette does not mention the name of Chicago, says one. That does not prove anything, not even that he was ignorant of the name; for only a few years after his visit we find evidence that Chicago was referred to as a place well known.

The first mention of Chicago in a written document occurs in 1680 in Father Hennepin's account in which he applies the name "Checaugou" to the Illinois river. This need not surprise us, as the Desplaines and the Illinois were usually considered one river by the French. This will be considered later on.

In 1684, in Franquelin's map, the "Chekagou" river is shown, and Chicago itself indicated as a post.

But even these mentions are antedated by La Salle's map, which shows that Chicago was a name applied to a point on or near Lake Michigan in 1679, perhaps earlier, for it is not certain that La Salle was not here at Chicago and the portage in 1670, or four years before Father Marquette. That, however, is a disputed point. But it is certain that later he passed and repassed here.

And the accuracy of some of those old maps is surprising

when we consider the circumstances. Just compare the map of La Salle, made, say in 1683, with the military map of General Hull, made in 1812. You will see that La Salle knew the country better than the Americans did 130 years later.



Wolf Point Hotel—Built in 1830 by Elisha Wentworth

OLD DOCUMENT

THE first document mentioning Chicago as a place of residence is a very extraordinary one indeed. Not the least astonishing fact about it is that, although written 216 years ago, this document is now in Chicago. It was the first deed to real estate ever executed in Illinois and conveys an interest in the whole of the Illinois country. It seems peculiar that somebody has not secured a quit claim of the interest of the grantee's heirs and claimed the entire state. That would put to blush all the other claimants of Chicago real estate from the Pottawattomie grant down to Captain Streeter of "Deestric't" fame.

This deed was found and purchased in Paris in 1893 by Edward G. Mason and presented by him to the Chicago Historical Society. You can see it if you will take the trouble to go over to the society's building on the North side of Chicago. It is written in French, of course, and no doubt in the handwriting of the grantor. Translated, it reads as follows:

"The year 1693, the 19th of April, I, Francis de la Forest, Captain on the retired list in the marine service, Seigneur of part of all the country of Louisiana, otherwise Illinois, granted to Monsieur de Tonty and to me by the King to enjoy in perpetuity, we, our heirs, successors and

assigns, the same as it was recognized by the act of the Sovereign Council in Quebec in the month of August, of the year 1691, the said council assembled, declare in the undersigned witness that I have ceded, sold and transferred to Mr. Michel Acau the half of my part of the above described concession, to enjoy the same like myself from the present time, to him, his heirs, successors and assigns, with the same rights, privileges, prerogatives and benefits which have been heretofore accorded to the late M. de la Salle, as it appears particularly in the decree of the Council of the King; and in consideration of the sum of 6,000 livres in current beaver, which the said Mr. Acau shall pay me at Chicagou, where I stay, and upon the making of the payment down I cannot demand from him any advantage neither for the carriage of the said beaver to Montreal nor for the risk, and as there is no notary here for him to pass an instrument of sale I bind myself at the first occasion to send him one, as also a copy compared before a notary of the above mentioned decree of the Council of the King touching upon the present concession, on faith of which we have both signed the said contract of sale the one and the other the day and the year as above; and in case that one of us two would dispose of the part, the remaining one shall be the first preferred, and this is mutual between M. de Tonty and me.

“Made in duplicate the day and year aforesaid.

“De la Forest.

“M. Acau.

“De la Descouvertes, Witness.

“Nicolas Laurens de la Chapelle, Witness.”

The deed is endorsed on the back to the following effect: “Bill of sale between Mr. Ako and me conveying the land of the Illinois.”

The grantee, Michel Accau, as his name is usually written, explored the Upper Mississippi in 1682 and discovered the Falls of St. Anthony where Minneapolis now stands. At the time of the execution of the deed, Accau was living at Fort St. Louis on Starved Rock on the Illinois river, about a hundred miles away, by river.

La Forest, you will observe, names “Chicagou” as his place of residence. There had certainly been a fort and mission at Chicago for seven or eight years prior to the signing of the deed, say from 1685. So La Forest may be regarded as the first known permanent resident in Chicago.

You will notice that three of the parties whose names are signed to the deed were gentry, and you will also observe that it is a “gentlemen’s agreement,” even though it was reduced to writing.

Accau, after residing at Fort St. Louis, subsequently removed to Kaskaskia, where he married an Indian girl. To his credit be it said that a record of the marriage was made and still exists in the parish register of old Kaskaskia—a formality which most Frenchmen, Englishmen and Ameri-

cans of the early days didn't bother with when they married squaws.

So we find the name of Chicago in existence apparently with the coming of the white man. We can not go back any further than that; say 1680. This brand new city got its name at least that long ago; how much further back the name goes will have to be left to conjecture.

Of course, Chicago was named from the river, and not the river from the place. That should be borne in mind. We are apt to invert the facts with our modern ideas. The same is true of nearly all Indian names applied to localities and streams or lakes. The town, district or state usually got its name from the river or lake, not the reverse.

THE NAME ITSELF—A CHINESE PUZZLE

THE ancient ways of spelling "Chicago" are varied enough to satisfy those who are most liberal or heterodox (as you prefer to call it) in their views of orthography. Some of the old spellings of this familiar name look amusing, just as a precise old friend does when you chance to meet him with his necktie under his ear. And some of them are ingenious alphabetical productions, too.

But we must remember that the first whites had no postal guide with its official spelling of names. They reproduced names phonetically in writing as they heard them pronounced. But extraordinary as are the variations which this method produced, they are not a circumstance to the orthographical puzzles received in the Chicago postoffice every day. When Russians, Esthonians, Finns, Croats, Lithuanians, Serbs, Roumanians, Poles, Yiddish, Greeks, Italians, Magyars, Syrians, Turks, Arabs, Spaniards, Germans, French, Dutch, Welsh, Irish, Scotch, English and a few others try their hand at spelling "Chicago" phonetically, you get some results that are eye-openers. You sort of lose faith in the alphabet of our childhood, and wonder if a hieroglyphic system wouldn't be better after all.

A friend in the postoffice once gave the Tatler a list of

various spellings of "Chicago" from letters received at the postoffice. I am sorry I lost it, for it was one of the most extraordinary documents imaginable. No human being could possibly invent as many ways, if he tried, of spelling Chicago, as these letter writers all over the world produced, in their honest but illiterate attempts to reproduce the name alphabetically. One inspiration I remember—"Tschecaugou!"

But the Tatler can produce a curious case from his own experience—a letter addressed to "Sim Brodie," Minn. Of course, as the name of the person addressed was also given, it seemed that the writer intended to send it in care of "Sim Brodie" at some place in Minnesota, carelessly omitted from the address. But no, "Sim Brodie" was as near "Zumbrota," as he could make it phonetically.

You will see that La Forest in his deed, previously quoted, came pretty near our modern spelling as far back as 1693. Of course, this statement ought to be reversed, for our modern spelling doubtless does not represent the true pronunciation of the name so nearly as La Forest's. He was a gentleman of education and no doubt "Chicagou" (pronounced Shecawgoo) represents the sound of the name as he heard it, more nearly than does our modern abbreviation.

Father Hennepin got the name as "Checaugou." In Franquelin's map, published in 1684, the Desplaines river is given as the "Riviere Chekagou." On the same map the St. Louis river of Sieur Joliet is also called the "Chucagoa."

In La Salle's map, made, say in 1683, "Checagou" is shown.

In La Hontan's map, published in 1703, we find "Chagakou" twice, once as the post and also as the "Portage de Chagakou," applied to the west fork of the south branch of the river and the Desplaines at Lyons.

De L'Isle's map of 1703 shows the "Checagou" river and the "Melleoki" (Milwaukee) river, while his map of 1718 conforms to La Forest's spelling "Chicagou." In fact this may be regarded as the settled spelling of the name, although Charlevoix's map, published in 1774, still called it "Checagou." A London map of 1733 spells the word "Chigagou," while another English map of 1755 adopted the common French spelling of "Chicagou." This last form was one we find in the documents written by Tonti, St. Cosme and other French travelers and missionaries. So far as an Indian word can be said to have a correct spelling, "Chicagou" has a right to be considered the proper one.

One of the most extraordinary spellings of the name of that "I Will"-ianous city of which we are always measurably proud and sometimes ashamed, was "Eschikagou." This was what Col. Arent Schuyler De Peyster called it in some doggerel verses which he composed in 1779. De Peyster was a native of New York, but a Tory leader during the Revolution and commanded the British forces at Mackinaw. He might have had some authority for such an orthography in

the pronunciation of the name by some of the Northern Indians. It is pretty certain that De Peyster himself was never at Chicago. His wit was about the same caliber as the head of a barrel, and perhaps he regarded "Eschikagou" as a witty thrust, just as some of the descendants of the New York Tories speak of the town as "Sheecago."

Another curious spelling occurs on a map which a German friend showed me some time ago. It was "Quadoghe." The map was published in Holland in 1757, if I remember rightly. Apparently this curious name was applied to a district, not a place, in Indiana, around the headwaters of the Kankakee river. Very likely it was a misapprehension of the map-maker to apply the name to Chicago.

After all, discussing the spelling of the word, considering the circumstances of the case, is irrelevant and hardly worth while. It is quite enough to know that almost from the first, the French traders and missionaries called the river, post and portage, and the mission that was certainly here before 1690, "Chicagou."

Would it make any difference if they had called it something else? Suppose they had called it Fort St. Louis, as they did the post on Starved Rock, down on the Illinois river; suppose they had called it Creve-coeur (broken heart) as they named their fort at Peoria; or named Chicago river the Divine river as they did the Illinois; would it have made

any difference? Wouldn't it have made matters worse by contrasting the name with the facts? Yea, verily.

Those Frenchmen were quite religious and poetic in their names, and they might have called the future great metropolis after some saint whose virtues Chicago has not copied, or after some French court beauty, just as Joliet named the Illinois river "Outrelaize," after a lady. Anyhow, I can't help being thankful that those Frenchmen didn't call Chicago creek the Divine river. Styx would have been more appropriate for both river and city, as we shall see when we get as near the real meaning as the scanty facts will permit.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME

ONE of the theories of the origin of the name Chicago is that it was named from an Indian chief. Such a chief there was—Checagua, of the Sauk tribe. The name means in the Sauk dialect, so we are told, “the one who stands by the tree.” Unfortunately for the hypothesis, so far as this particular chief is concerned, the dates don’t harmonize—the chief was later than the place.

Another and baseless supposition is that Chicago might have been named from Chief Chassagoac, who was the principal sagamore of the Illinois Indians. In New England or Virginia, in that epoch, the English would have called him a “king,” as they did Philip and Powhatan.

Unlike the case of Checagua, Chassagoac’s era would have made it possible for Chicago to have got its name from him; but alas! you have to do greater violence to the orthographic properties than the alleged derivation of Paducah from a mythical “Pat Dugan’s Landing,” which some people contended for in all seriousness.

Chassagoac was chief of the Illinois when Father Marquette preached the gospel to them in 1675. He was baptized by the great missionary into the Christian faith, in which he continued steadfast until his death in 1714. This notable convert received many valuable gold and silver images, cruci-

fixes and other emblems of the faith from the bishop of Rouen in France. In that city may be found today a life-sized portrait in oil of this great chief of the Illinois.

When Chassagoac died he was buried near where the town of Utica now stands, the site of the great Indian town of La Vantum. With him were buried the treasures that had been sent him from over the sea, and some of which he had worn as personal ornaments.

His grave was desecrated over a hundred years later. The Tatler proudly points to the fact that here is at least one instance where the white man was not the culprit. Notwithstanding the extinction of the Illinois in the meantime, traditions among other Indians still told how treasure had been buried with the great Chassagoac, and Waba, a chief, opened the grave and stole the treasure.

If Chicago had to get its name from an Indian, it is too bad Chassagoac was not its sponsor. He was pretty white, as red men go.

Another possible explanation of the origin of the word is that a line of chiefs of the Illinois Indians were known as "Checaqua," and the word is said to mean "great" or "powerful." As the Desplaines and Illinois rivers were long known as the Chicagou river, the name finally being confined to the present Chicago river, we have here a very likely source of the puzzling name.

The great and common slander uttered and printed against

Chicago is that the name signifies in the Indian tongue that little but widely mentioned animal, *putorius foetidus*, otherwise the polecat, or skunk. Of course ancient prejudice against the polecat has largely given way. His pelt, under the name of "black marten," has become quite common as fur. Likewise, gastronomes in select circles are said to dote on his flesh as a delicious tid bit for which they are willing to pay terrapin and canvas back prices.

Just the same, while there are Skunk creeks and other geographical precedents to put us in countenance, most of us would not relish the idea of relationship with the *putorius foetidus*, hidden though it might be in the herbage of an Indian name. And we don't have to, even if Mr. Schoolcraft, the great Indian authority, sanctions that meaning of the word "Chicago."

The whole case of the advocates of the "Skunk creek" meaning of Chicago, stated in its strongest form (no joke intended), is this: Chicago is an Indian word belonging to the Algonquin group of languages. Of this group the Ojibway or Chippewa dialect is supposed to be the purest of parent tongues. And in the Ojibway, "Shecaug" means polecat. So also in the Cree dialect "Sikag" means skunk.

Well, what of it? When did the Ojibways live around this neck of the woods? What map locates the Crees in this neighborhood? Neither tribe were ever denizens of this locality. A derivation from the Sauk dialect might not be

too far fetched for possibility; but you might as well seek the meaning of the word Chicago in the language of the Navajoes or Zunis as in that of the Ojibways.

But even in Ojibway Chicago may be made to mean "something great." And in other Indian dialects the root word means "strong" or "powerful" and may be applied to the wild onion or leek as well as to the polecat, or to the great river, or even to a powerful chief.

That the word Chicago was supposed to refer to the wild onion is evident from more than one source. In 1817 Colonel Sarrow visited Fort Dearborn and referred to the river as "the River Chicago, or in English, the Wild Onion Creek." And in an old treaty made in 1773, in which the Indians ceded land to John Murray, mention is made of "Garlick Creek."

The Tatler does not remember to have seen it mentioned in any of the controversies about the meaning of the word Chicago, but there is a passage in Joutel's account of the second expedition of La Salle that gives a bit of corroborative evidence. Joutel was in Chicago for some time in 1689 and specifically mentions wild onions as being one of the few articles of food they could procure.

Anyhow, nobody that has visited the outskirts of Chicago can doubt the ability of this soil to produce the wild onion's civilized relative in immense quantities.

So there is more than an even chance that if Chicago

means something specially "strong" or "powerful" it refers to the leek and not to the putorius.

But why seek the origin of the word among the dialects of Indians who never lived near here, rather than in the speech of Indians who were long resident in this locality? Now the Pottawattomies succeeded the Miamis, who lived around the head of Lake Michigan when the French came here in 1675. In Pottawattomie Chicago means "destitute," and probably refers to the absence of timber. In fact it is said that the full Indian name was "Tuck Chicago," which means literally "without woods" or timber—a striking characteristic of all the country around this part of Lake Michigan.

So there you have it. Chicago means strong; it means polecat; it means onion; it means a man standing by a tree; it means a place where there are no trees to stand by. You can take your choice without paying your money.

Has the Tatler any specific belief in the matter as to what the name originally meant? None worth laying stress on. He is impressed with one fact, however, St. Cosme, who was here in 1699, spells the name several ways; Chikagu, Chikagou, Chicagu, Chicahou, Chicaqu and even our modern way, Chicago. It would seem probable that the different Indian tribes had already adopted a name sounding like the original but meaning something different in different dialects.

Take the French city of Nice for instance. An untutored

Greek might think the name meant "victory," while a British sailor might think it an English adjective. It seems likely that Chicago meant one thing to the Miamis, another to the Pottawattomies and still other things to the other Indians, all because the traditional name sounded like some word in each several tongue.

And the same thing is still going on. Chicago means different things to different people. To one it means the embodiment of vice; to another of anarchy, dirt and lawlessness; to you it may mean the corporate expression of force, of achievement, of wealth; to your neighbor, a study in poverty and rags. Chicago is a microcosm; and in it you will find what you are looking for. For it is always and forever true that the seeker finds, and the thing found is a reflection of the seeker's mind.

THE TREASURES IN THE MARQUETTE BUILDING

SOME day they are going to tear down the Marquette building in Chicago. What for? Nobody can tell now, but it's coming down some time. The writer has seen three sets of buildings occupy the site of the First National Bank building. The first and second sets were torn down because they were not "modern" enough; grown antiquated in a few years. It is not a violent prophecy to predict that some day the Marquette building will in turn give way to a newer building, more modern, according to the standards of 1926. The Honore block, which was given over to the wreckers in order to make room for it, was considered when completed in 1872 or 1873, the finest office building in Chicago.

If anybody had predicted back in the 80's that the Montauk block, which occupied part of the site of the First National Bank, and was the first "skyscraper" in Chicago, would be deliberately pulled down to make room for a "modern" building, how we would have laughed at him.

Fine as it was, and is, the Marquette, sooner or later, is coming down to make room for some newer kind of building in the future. We can't help it. It took centuries to get architects started, just as it did the doctors, and now we can't stop them. For the next hundred years or so we are

going to have a carnival of architecture; just as the doctors are learning new stunts every day in remodeling and reconstructing our anatomy according to the latest plans and specifications. (For particulars, see Appendix.)

But that is neither here nor there. When the Marquette is no more there is one piece of salvage that the town board of Lyons township ought to buy and place in the wall above the entrance to the town hall. To make sure of getting it, an appropriation ought to be made now. If you don't know what I mean, just look at the basso relievos over the entrance. They appropriately represent scenes from the life of Father Marquette, for whom the building was named. The third one from the left has this inscription under it, taken from the great missionary's journal:

"Passing two leagues up the river, we resolved to spend the winter there, being delayed by my illness."

This is the one the town board should buy and imbed above the entrance to the Lyons township town hall. The scene represents the sick priest being carried on a sledge, by his faithful voyageurs and Indians, who are also carrying canoes on their shoulders. The reason that we ought to have that particular piece of bronze on our town hall is because there is pretty good evidence that Marquette passed that memorable winter in Lyons township. This was Marquette's second visit to the Illinois country. On October 25, 1674, he left the mission at Green Bay with two "engages" or

voyageurs, Pierre and Jacques. Later Pottawattomie and Illinois Indians joined their party.

Evidently he reached Chicago about December 12, and on December 14 the entry in his journal is found which is quoted over the entrance to the Marquette building. The journal states that Pierre and Jacques had killed three buffalo, four deer and four wild turkeys during their stay at the mouth of the Chicago river. On December 14 his disease became so very painful that he could not travel. He says that they were already "cabined near the portage, about two leagues up the river." Construing the distance literally would make the place not far from the spot known as Lee's place, and later on as "Hardscrabble"; but a sick man is not likely to measure distance very accurately—a well man often does not. And the subsequent narrative shows that he was on the Desplaines, even if we omit his very plain statement that he was "cabined near the portage."

The reason they went up the river at all was to escape the bad weather and the cold. Imagine what Chicago must have been like at the mouth of the river in December, 1764.

There is only one entry in his journal between December 15 and January 16, 1675. Marquette was evidently very ill in his cabin during the month of silence, for the entry on January 16 tells of the visit of La Toupine and the "surgeon," two Frenchmen domiciled eighteen leagues from here "in a beautiful hunting ground for buffalo, deer and turkeys."

Possibly this was down on Fox river, perhaps in Kendall county near the Indian town of Maramech.

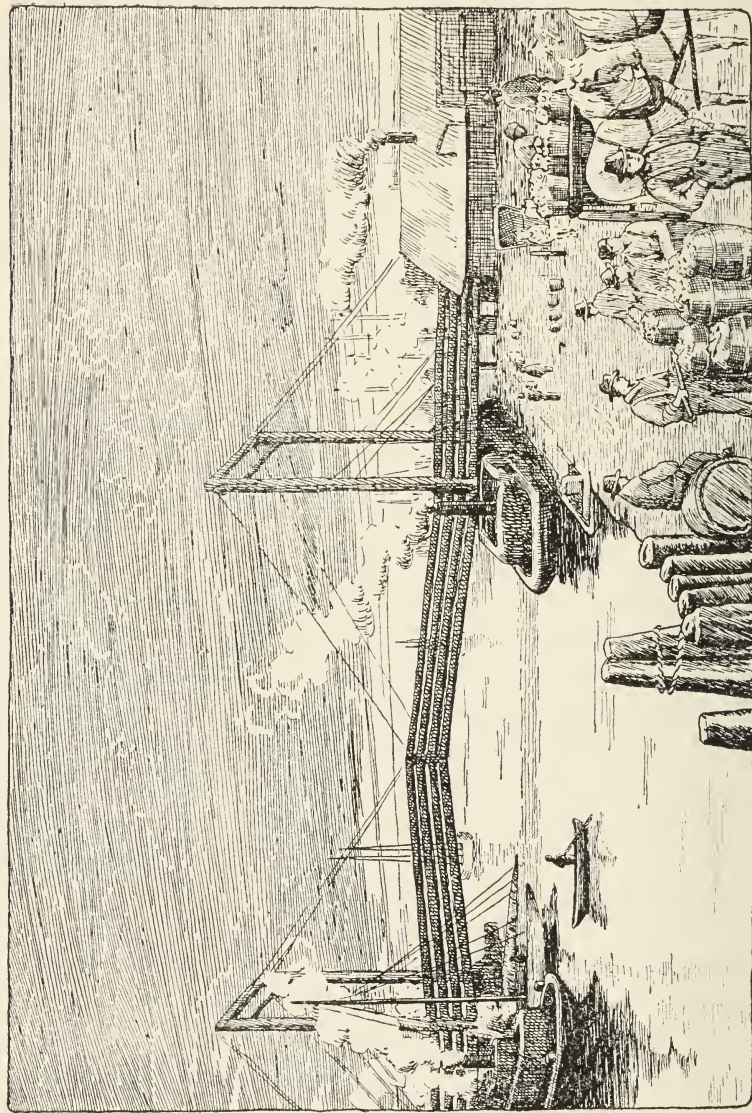
Marquette began to mend after the visit of the surgeon and evidently by February 20 he was able to be about. The ice in the river broke on March 28. He says "it choked above us. On the 29th the water was so high that we had barely time to uncabin in haste, put our things on trees and try to find a place to sleep, the water gaining on us all night."

That certainly looks like the tantrums of the Desplaines in spring time. If Marquette had been domiciled on the east side of the portage, that is, on the west branch of the south fork of the Chicago river, it would hardly seem that the ice would "choke above them." The purpose in leaving the mouth of the Chicago river at all was to escape the lake winds; to find shelter from the weather. Marquette had been over this route before, and he doubtless knew that the winter could be passed better at the portage in the shelter of the woods and banks than in the open flat to the east. The account is not entirely clear; but every consideration would point to selecting a spot over near Lyons or Riverside rather than nearer the lake.

Marquette went down the Desplaines and Illinois to the great Indian town La Vantum, which was near the site of the present city of Utica. That was the intended goal of his journey. He was received by the Indians, to whom he had preached the year before, as a veritable messenger from

heaven. There were two thousand warriors besides the usual concourse of women and children when he said mass. The Indians built a chapel under his direction. When he left, several hundred Indian warriors accompanied him as far as Lake Michigan. Marquette died before he reached St. Ignace, his destination. Three years after his bones were conveyed thither and buried beneath the altar of the mission chapel. This chapel was burned in 1706 when the Jesuits left the country. Its very site was lost until May, 1877, a hundred and seventy years later. The spot where the altar stood was identified, the bones of Marquette were disinterred and reburied with solemn ceremonies. A handsome monument marks the spot.

Marquette was the most saintly, and the most human, as well, of the early explorers and missionaries of the Illinois country. It is evident that he was never very robust; he was only thirty-nine when he died; yet he subjected himself to the awful rigors of Illinois winters and the dangers of a missionary's life in the service of his Master. Perhaps a business block is not the memorial he would have selected for himself; but it is an evidence of the lasting impression his character made on this western country.



Chicago's First Bridge—Dearborn Street in 1834

THE "OLDEST RESIDENTS?"

AS late as April, 1907, a man died in Chicago whose life covered practically the whole history of the city. This was Alexander Beaubien, born January 28, 1822, just outside the enclosure of Fort Dearborn. The old Dean house, which Beaubien's father bought, and where Alexander was born, was located somewhere between the Marshall Field retail store and the public library.

Just think of it for a moment. When this man first opened his eyes Chicago was a frontier post with a few straggling log cabins around a fort; when he closed them, it had grown into a series of Babels, with a confusion of tongues pouring to it, instead of away from it. In 1822 Chicago numbered about a hundred souls, including the garrison. In 1907 probably two million people, with and without souls, are pushing, crowding, struggling and fighting to do business on Alexander Beaubien's playground. Yet we say the life of a man is but a wink of time. Perhaps; but Beaubien saw a marvelous transformation take place in this eighty-five-year wink.

Of course the Chicago papers had something to say about an event like Alexander Beaubien's death; and with the usual recklessness of the modern journal, which strives to make what is technically called a "story," regardless of facts, a number of curious blunders were made. He is called "the first white child born in Chicago," and in the next sentence

it is said his mother was an Indian woman. He is said to have been born within Fort Dearborn, and that Mark Beaubien was the first son of the marriage of Jean Baptiste Beaubien with a Pottawattomie woman—all of which is wrong.

There were several, if not many, white children born in Chicago before Alexander Beaubien saw the light. For one instance, three of John Kinzie's offspring were born in Chicago before Jean Baptiste Beaubien came here. These were Ella M. (Mrs. Alexander Wolcott), Maria I. (Mrs. General David Hunter) and Robert A. Kinzie. These were all born prior to 1810. Two children of Lieutenant Whistler were born in Fort Dearborn before 1809.

Then there was the infant of Mrs. Lee, whose husband, son and daughter were killed in a massacre, born either at Hardscrabble or at Fort Dearborn; the "little raccoon" that Black Partridge carried from Au Sable to the Frenchman Du Pin at Chicago, in the dead of winter, to be doctored. And, by the way, the Frenchman became the child's godfather. Besides there were children born in the families of the officers at Fort Dearborn between 1803 and 1822. So Beaubien was far from being the first white child born in Chicago.

Nor was his mother a Pottawattomie Indian, nor yet of full white blood. She was a half breed, Josette La Framboise, the daughter of Francois La Framboise, a French trader of education who married an Ottawa Indian girl. Several

generations of this family figured in the annals of Mackinac, Milwaukee and Chicago, the last of them leaving with the Indians in 1835. Some of the Beubiens also went with the Indian exodus of that year. Alexander Beaubien's mother Josette was nurse in the family of John Kinzie, and escaped with them during the massacre of 1812. She was a person of some education, for she subsequently taught an Indian school. Her father had a house somewhere north of Wolf Point, the junction of the two branches of the Chicago river.

But it is perfectly excusable to get mixed on the genealogy of the Beaubien family. They kept the divine command to increase and multiply. Mark Beaubien, whom the papers made out to be Alexander's brother, but who was his uncle, was the father of twenty-three children. He came to Chicago from Detroit in 1826 and died at the home of his daughter, Mary Beaubien Matthews, at Kankakee in 1881, over four-score years of age. You will find his descendants and relatives all over northern Illinois.

Mark Beaubien, who is so often confounded with his older brother, Jean Baptiste, the father of the deceased Alexander, is the most picturesque character in the early annals of Chicago. He was a tall, athletic, handsome man, frank, generous and jolly; a typical Frenchman in his manners. He played the fiddle and could sing a song. The fiddle he donated to the Calumet Club a year or so before his death. He ran a ferry at the junction of the rivers, and kept a hotel—some-

thing like the Indian is said to have done, on his own witty confession. When the Indians left, a reservation of sixty-four acres at the mouth of the Calumet was set aside for him, at their request, and a patent issued for it by President Martin Van Buren. And for forty years Beaubien didn't know it. He only got the patent along in the seventies. He had been a rich man for years and was ignorant of the fact. Even when he was an old man two minutes' conversation with him was said to have been a complete cure for the blues.

Of course Jean Baptiste Beaubien, the father of Alexander, rather eclipses his younger brother, Mark, in fame, as he had more to do with public affairs. Born in Detroit in 1780, he first came to Chicago in 1804, and later, after the massacre, he bought a house outside the enclosure of the fort. But he resided principally at Milwaukee, where he had had a trading post as early as 1800. In 1815 he bought a house built by a man named Dean, near the foot of Randolph street. For this establishment he paid \$1,000, which was a large sum for those days, and it was in this house that Alexander was born.

It is stated by some authorities that Alexander Beaubien was not christened until he was eight years old. But on the other hand it is said that he was baptized in 1822 by Rev. Stephen Badin, who had visited Chicago as a missionary as early as 1796, and, although never a resident priest there, he was present and administered baptism to the infant

Alexander in 1822. This missionary is claimed to be the first Catholic priest ordained in the limits of the original thirteen states, having taken his vows at Baltimore in 1793.

Jean Baptiste Beaubien's name is present everywhere in early Chicago annals. It has been told how he was elected colonel of the Sixtieth Illinois Militia at the celebrated meeting in June, 1834, when all Chicago got hilarious down at Lyons. Later on he was made a brigadier-general and still later a major-general. He owned a farm near Lee's place, or Bridgeport, which he occupied after his ineffectual attempt to fight the government. Here his wife died in 1845. Later he returned to Chicago, and afterwards removed to another farm on the Desplaines river near the reservation of Billy Caldwell. He died at Naperville, to which he moved in 1858, in January, 1863.

The "Beaubien Claim" was the biggest legal battle in the early history of Chicago. Somehow, cases like this make one think of the government as a juggernaut in motion rather than a sanctuary at rest. It often crushes, rather than protects. The individual is powerless. It makes one hesitate to trust any more of his life, liberty and pursuit of happiness to his fellow citizens in their collective capacity as government.

It is a long story, but briefly—by the Greenville treaty with the Indians in 1795—six miles of territory were granted

to the United States for military purposes at the mouth of the Chicago river. Nobody, therefore, could acquire private title to the land. John Kinzie, Beaubien and all the rest of the settlers around the river were there simply by sufferance. Beaubien showed his good faith by actually buying, at different times, three houses in the vicinity of the fort, one of them being the best house erected before 1820. After a while the government threw open this land to pre-emption—all but a fractional quarter section containing about seventy-six acres. This was where Beaubien had lived, and in the near vicinity of the fort. The “squatters” promptly entered their land. Beaubien tried to enter his homestead as soon as the land was surveyed. After two unsuccessful attempts he finally succeeded. Meanwhile the government had abandoned Fort Dearborn. Beaubien’s claim was established in the state courts, but the United States Government got after him and ultimately the land was platted in blocks and lots and sold by the war department in 1839; a rather unusual proceeding. Beaubien was dispossessed, even of his house, which went to a speculator. Some of the best legal talent in the state and nation believed that Beaubien’s claim was as valid as John Kinzie’s, which was never disputed.

So, perhaps, if justice had been done his father, the man who died in a modest home on Whipple street, might have been richer than Marshall Field, instead of being a humble member of the police department. “It’s a quare world, Hennessy.”

ANOTHER "OLDEST RESIDENT"

RECENTLY—about 1907—a woman died in Chicago, the span of whose life embraced the whole civil history of that city. Appropriately enough, she was born in one of the government buildings attached to Fort Dearborn, the year after the garrison was withdrawn. This aged woman, who died at 1388 West Madison street, was Mrs. Maria Robinson and she was born in 1824. Her brother, Alexander Beaubien, died about two years previously at the same age.

What the population of Chicago was in 1824, when this daughter of Jean Baptiste Beaubien was born, I do not know. The next year, or in 1825, when Chicago was a part of Peoria county, there were only fourteen taxpayers and they were her relatives.

And in 1826, when the first election was held of which the records have been preserved, only thirty-five votes were cast. Of these more than half were cast by Frenchmen. Chicago could hardly have had a hundred people at the most, when the daughter of Jean Baptiste Beaubien and Josette La Framboise commenced her earthly pilgrimage.

Her father, who after John Kinzie, was the most prominent figure in early Chicago, came to Fort Dearborn in 1812 soon after the massacre and purchased a house south of the ruins of the fort and near the lake. This house had been standing there since 1804 and accordingly must have been

spared by the Indians. The same year he married, as his second wife, Josette, daughter of Francois La Framboise, a trader of influence and, as tradition says, a man of education, though of Indian and French extraction, and a chief of his tribe.

Josette La Framboise, Beaubien's second wife (his first wife was an Ottawa Indian woman) and the mother of Mrs. Robinson, had the good or bad fortune to figure in most of the romances that have been woven around the Fort Dearborn massacre, for she was one of the Kinzie household and was taken in the boat with the Kinzies by their Indian friends, to St. Joseph, for safety.

And a peculiar misprint occurs in Mrs. Kinzie's book, "Waubun" or "The Early Days." The nurse's name is given as "Grutte," when Mrs. Kinzie certainly wrote "Josette." Printers in Mrs. Kinzie's time were no more infallible (and printers would probably say that writers wrote no plainer) than in our day.

After living in this cabin for five years, Beaubien bought a five-room house which an army contractor named Dean erected near the foot of Randolph street, and paid therefor the sum of \$1,000, which in that day was a pretty steep price to pay for a habitation of any kind. Mrs. Robinson's brother, Alexander Beaubien, was born in this house.

In 1823 he bought the United States factory just outside the south wall of Fort Dearborn, what afterwards became

the corner of Michigan avenue and South Water street, and there he lived until about 1840, when he left Chicago. In that house Mrs. Robinson was born.

Of her childhood the Tatler has no record except that she and the other children of early Chicago had Stephen D. Forbes for a teacher. Forbes came to Chicago in 1829, and was the first settler on the present site of Riverside, in 1832.

There must have been quite a houseful of the Beaubiens during her childhood, for when the Chicago catholics petitioned Bishop Rosatti of St. Louis in 1833 to give them a resident priest, her father signed for a household of fourteen persons.

The brief obituary notice of Mrs. Robinson in the Chicago papers states that she was the widow of Joseph Robinson, but makes no further mention of him. I have no means of identifying the latter. It is possible he was a son of Alexander Robinson, or more likely a grandson.

Alexander Robinson (Chechepinqua), a chief of the confederated Ottawas, Chippewas and Pottawattomies of the Calumet, was the son of a Scotch trader and an Indian woman and was born at Mackinaw in 1762. He was at Chicago at the time of the massacre in 1812 and remained there until after the removal of the Indians west of the Mississippi. He was given a reservation on the Desplaines and \$5,000 in money for his services in keeping his Indians from joining the Sauks in the Black Hawk war. He removed to

this reservation about 1836. He lived there until his death in 1872, at the age of 90.

But this is all gratuitous supposition on the part of the Tatler, and the husband of the aged lady who has just died may have been one of the newcomers who poured into Chicago from 1840 to 1850.

At any rate, Mrs. Robinson passed all her days in Chicago, dying within four miles of her birthplace. And though West Madison street is now a great thoroughfare, the place where she died was only a few years ago almost as unbroken as when she was born. For there are people in La Grange who, as boys, shot snipe and plover where there are now solid business blocks and rows of houses on the west side.

Just think how much history was made during the lifetime of this woman. She was born during the administration of James Monroe, the fifth President of the United States. She died soon after the twenty-fourth had taken the presidential chair. When she was born Thomas Jefferson was still alive and Napoleon had only recently died at St. Helena. In 1824 the population of the United States was only about 9,000,000; in 1907 it is ten times that much. One life witnessed the birth of a metropolis that rivals some of the great capitals of the world; the growth of a state from a handful of pioneers to the rank of the third state of the Union in population and wealth, and the expansion of a young nation of provincials into a mighty empire.

SPANIARDS IN ILLINOIS?

EVERY once in a while we hear of Spanish coins and other articles being found in Illinois. Some legendary yarns have grown up around these relics that have but little basis in fact. Spain left Illinois practically untouched.

It is true that there is some reason for believing the Spanish at one time occupied the site of Fort Massac. It is also true that a Spanish "army" crossed the entire width of the state. But beyond this, the Spaniards cut but little figure in Illinois history, save in conspiracy engaged in by Baron Carondelet, when the west bank of the Mississippi was under Spanish rule. Proposals were sent by him to the King of Spain, that forces would be raised and Fort Massac seized if the king would pay \$100,000 for the job.

This was while Washington was President; but nothing came of the intrigue.

Still, the Spaniards of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries were as enterprising and omnipresent as the Frenchmen were later. It is pretty certain that Coronado marched his band from New Mexico as far northeast as Kansas. It is quite possible that Spaniards may have entered the Illinois country long prior to the coming of Marquette and La Salle.

It is known that they worked lead mines in the Galena district. The Spaniard was always looking for wealth in the ground; the Frenchman for furs and for human souls.

It is possible that the Spaniards had raked Illinois over before the close of the sixteenth century and concluded there was nothing here worth while; possible but not probable.

It would be pleasing if one could locate at least one Spaniard at Lyons in the sixteenth century, but there doesn't seem to be any reasonable hope of doing so, unless something now unknown should be forthcoming from the state papers at Madrid.

The finds of Spanish coins and other articles are easily accounted for without resort to any gratuitous assumption of actual Spanish occupation. Until late into the last century Spanish money circulated freely in the Mississippi valley. Some of our quondam free silver advocates may find it hard to believe the fact, but there were times in American history when Spanish and Mexican coins constituted about all the silver dollars in circulation in the west.

As for the other articles found, of undoubted Spanish origin, it need not be assumed that they were always in company with Spaniards. Traders then, as ever, handled things that the Indians wanted, and these might be of French, English or Spanish make.

The Spanish army that crossed Illinois was Spanish in name, rather than in fact, and an "army" only by a liberal

construction of that imposing word. It consisted of about one hundred and thirty men of whom only thirty were Spaniards, sixty Indians and the balance French. That is what Mr. Mason tells us, who was the first to call attention to this Spanish raid. But unless it was entirely different from all other expeditions of that time, it is safe to say there were several Irishmen along. They generally were around when there was a scrap on, especially if it was a scrap with the "Sassenach," as it was in this case.

The expedition originated in 1781, in St. Louis, then the center of Spanish authority in upper Louisiana. Don Francesco Cruvat was commandant at St. Louis, and on the breaking out of hostilities in 1780 between England and Spain, he determined to get in a side lick at the British, by sending an expedition against the British post on the St. Joseph river. The exact location of this post which figures so largely in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is unknown. Some have located it at Niles, Michigan, but South Bend, Indiana, seems a more likely location.

This expedition was commanded by Don Eugenio Pourre and left St. Louis in January, 1781. Of course the Spaniards were thus intruding on territory claimed by the United States; but evidently they felt pretty sure the Americans would not object, and they didn't.

It was no picnic, this crossing Illinois in the dead of winter, a march of at least four hundred miles. They accom-

plished their mission, however, without trouble. The British were surprised, and surrendered, doubtless remarking that Don Eugenio was no gentleman. With the chivalry of those good old times, Don Eugenio carried off everything that was not too hot nor too heavy. He got back to St. Louis in March, in time to enjoy the beautiful mud which Missouri has in that month.

One reason for believing that there were some Irishmen in Don Eugenio's party, aside from the adventurous character of the race, was that four years previously an Irishman had also captured this same British post on the St. Joseph river.

This was Thomas R. Brady of Cahokia, known among the French down there as "Monsieur Tom." He came from Philadelphia and was a brother of Captain Samuel Brady, who distinguished himself in the border wars with the Indians in Ohio.

"Monsieur Tom" was really the original rebel in Illinois. He came to Cahokia in 1776 with three other men, all of them a trifle wild and of reckless daring. Brady gathered sixteen men, mostly Frenchmen, the next summer, which he humorously called the "Western Division of the Continental Army," and started out to capture the post at St. Joseph. This was in the summer of 1777, a year before Col. George Rogers Clark came to Illinois with his troops.

Brady set out with the "Western Division of the Conti-

mental Army" in three canoes. They proceeded up the Illinois river and into the Desplaines and of course must have camped at Lyons. They crossed the portage into Chicago river and Lake Michigan and thence to the St. Joseph river.

Like the Spaniards four years later, he caught the British garrison napping, and although it consisted of twenty-one regulars, it surrendered to Brady's sixteen militia. Brady paroled the British prisoners and proceeded to carry off the stuff. He made his getaway as far as Calumet, and then the paroled regulars with a couple of more companies and a hundred Indians overtook him and proceeded to do things. They killed several of Brady's army and captured the rest, including Monsieur Tom. They sent him under guard to Canada.

But he escaped when near Montreal, made his way back to Pennsylvania, raised a company of scouts, and evened things up with the British and Indians in Ohio.

After the war was over, Brady returned to Cahokia, married a well-known French lady, and in 1790 was elected sheriff of St. Clair county. As St. Clair county at that time included all this part of the country, he is a sort of ancestor of Sheriff Strassheim, of Cook county.

In the church yard at Cahokia a sandstone slab perpetuates the memory of the daring, dauntless Monsieur Tom. We ought to feel a pride in him as one of our earliest officers

and as a contributor to the local history of our beloved Lyons (township).

In the summer of the next year, 1778, another Illinois expedition went against St. Joseph. It consisted of three hundred French, half-breeds and Indians under the command of Paulette Meillet, who lived at Le Pe, near the present site of Peoria. They captured the post and carried off booty to the amount of \$50,000, reaching home safely.

This time they didn't go by way of the Desplaines river. It was to avenge this raid that the British invaded Illinois in 1779 under Charles de Verille, as told previously.

All this seems far away and long ago; but then it isn't. A grandson of one of Brady's companions in the "Western Division of the Continental Army" was living at Cahokia a few years ago; he often heard from Grandfather Boismenu's own lips the story of Monsieur Tom's victory, defeat, courtship and election.

Somebody ought to collect all the scattered annals of Illinois during the Revolutionary war. It wouldn't make a big volume, but it would possess a world of interest for some of us.

COOK COUNTY

LA GRANGE wasn't always in Cook county, but it has been located there as long as Chicago has. Chicago was once voted out by the Illinois legislature. It happened a long time ago, fifty years or such a matter. The Chicago members, then as now, skipped out of Springfield at the week-end, often regardless of pending business. One Friday afternoon or evening all the members from Cook county, except one from the legislative district outside Chicago, were missing. Their free passes over the Alton railroad were in good working order, but the Cook county members were not. Some legislator from down state, with a fondness for practical jokes, introduced a resolution ceding all of Cook county, except the one country district including Lyons and other townships, to Indiana. It was carried unanimously. The news was telegraphed all over the country and the newspaper next day created surprise and consternation everywhere. Most people had to have a chart to understand it was only a joke and that a mere resolution of one branch of the legislature did not amount to much towards consummating such a radical measure. It was a good joke, but its effect on Cook county members has not been permanently reformatory.

What is now Cook county was at one time part of St. Clair county, of which Cahokia was the county seat. Later,

it became part of the new county of Madison, whose populous portion was in the vicinity of Alton. Later this part of Illinois was in Crawford county. Next, in 1819, Chicago and the surrounding country was made a part of Clark county to the "Canadian line." Those early solons knew that the Canadian line was "somewhere north" and that was enough for them.

In 1821 what is now Cook county was made a part of Pike county. In 1823 it became a part of Fulton county and in 1825 was set off in the new county of Peoria. In the records of Fulton county may be found the order for an election to be held in Chicago, September 2, 1823, at the house of John Kinzie. The records of Peoria county show that John Kinzie was commissioned as a justice of the peace for Chicago on July 28, 1825. Another curiosity from the records of Peoria county is the assessment roll of 1825. It shows some surprises, as does the personal property assessments of Lyons township. There are only fourteen Chicago names on it. The entire valuation of Chicago (land was not then taxable) was only \$9,047, and of that amount, one man, John Crafts, was credited with more than half. Crafts at that time represented the American Fur Company, the first genuine, simon-pure trust in this country—the Standard Oil Company of that day. John Kinzie was assessed on only \$100.

Another curious circumstance is gleaned from the list of

voters, in an election held in Chicago in 1826, also taken from the records of Peoria county, there were thirty-five names on the list and of them twenty-one were French, or French and Indian half-breeds. This shows how late the French influence, started one hundred and fifty years before, lasted in Illinois.

Cook county was organized in 1831. Its boundaries then included the territory now divided into Lake, McHenry, DuPage, Cook and Iroquois counties. So this land we now occupy has been a part of eight different counties at various times in the history of our state.

Did you ever hear of Fort Payne? It is, or rather was, over south of Naperville, our neighbor to the west. Naperville was in 1830 the nearest settlement to Chicago, unless we accept the portage at Lyons. Stephen J. Scott was the first settler there. Joseph and John Naper came the following year with a party from Ashtabula, Ohio, having made the trip to Chicago in a sailing vessel. They did not like the looks of Chicago (small wonder) and passed on until they struck the country around Naperville, which looked more like home and appeared much more promising agriculturally and otherwise.

When the Black Hawk war came a year later the people at Naperville and Plainfield hurried to Chicago for safety from the Sac warriors. After a company of volunteers from Chicago had scoured the country and cleared it of savages,

the settlers returned and built Fort Payne, naming it for one of their number. Happily it was never called into use for defence against the Indians, though massacres occurred further inland and the country was in terror until the end of the war and the final removal of the aborigines from the state. The Naperville settlers left Chicago just in time to escape the cholera infection, brought by General Scott's soldiers.

In July of that year, 1832, General Winfield Scott started on the march from Chicago to join General Atkinson. The first camp was at the present site of Riverside and Lyons. His little army had been decimated by cholera. Nearly three hundred of them had been left at Fort Gratiot, including many West Point cadets, most of whom died. From Riverside, General Scott and his second in command, Colonel Cummings, struck across the country to the vicinity of Elgin. The cholera followed them, and penetrated nearly everywhere among the scattered settlements in northern Illinois. War and pestilence combined made an awful baptism for the new state.

It was not a creditable war on either side. It was mostly massacre. The writer's grandfather came all the way from New York in search of experiences. He found them, and a few bits of knowledge also. One of the latter was that the well-fed horse of the paleface with a scared young man in the saddle is more than a match for half-starved Indian

ponies. He found this knowledge at the end of a chase of ten miles. Seven or eight Sac warriors assisted him. He got there first. He never liked Indians afterwards, and would not allow his grandchildren to call maize "Indian corn." It's just "cawn" he used to say.

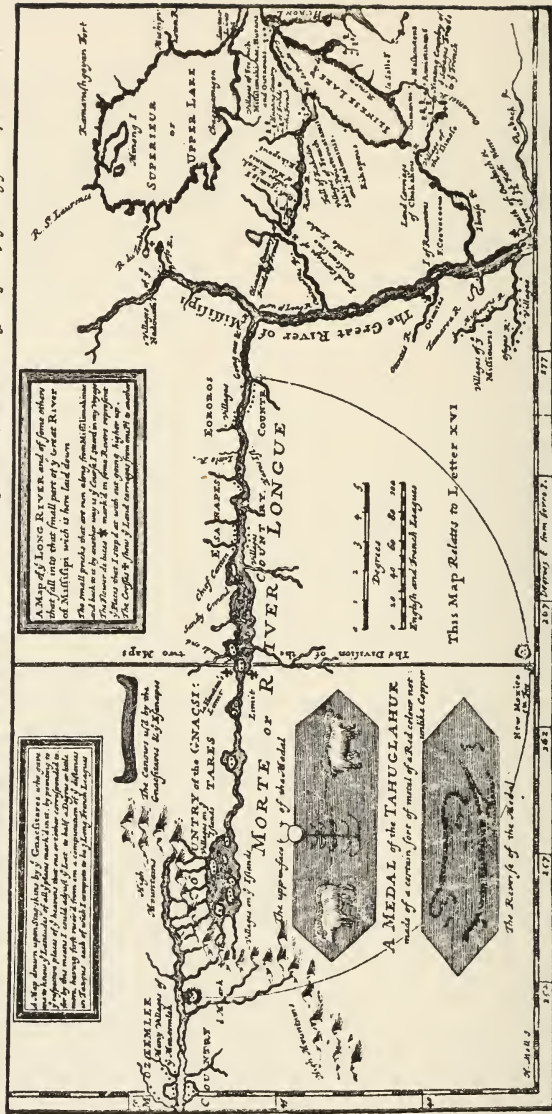
The Dwelling Houses of the TAHUCLAUK, with one by passage in length according to the Dwelling of the Moslemah, from a new upon the Banks of the River



The Vessels used by the TAHUCLAUK in which 200 Men may now provided they are such as from of the Moslemah people drew to me upon the Banks of the River



According to my computation such a Vessel must be 120 feet long from the prow to the stern



PAC-SIMILE OF A CEREMONIAL OLD MAP.

From the River of the Moslemah, the information concerning which he evidently derived from the Indians and made the mistake of having it supply the Moslemah people with a great many more than they could use, as no knowledge as is evident from his map.

A GREAT TRAGEDY

TUESDAY, September 8, 1908, is the one hundred and seventy-eighth anniversary of one of the greatest tragedies that ever took place on Illinois soil. No, the number of the anniversary is correct, for the event happened September 8 and 9, 1730.

And it happened only a short distance from La Grange. You can reach the scene of it in an hour's ride on the Burlington, for it is but a few miles southwest of Aurora and on the banks of Fox river. Specifically, it was at and near the site of the old Indian village of Maramech, where a great battle took place between the French and Indians—one of the greatest conflicts in the history of savage warfare, resulting almost in the extinction of the tribe of Fox Indians.

Now, 1730 is a pretty long while ago for things to happen in a "new country" like Illinois. Just reflect a moment; Louis XV was on the throne of France and George II on that of England. Charles XII of Sweden, the "Roosevelt of the North," had only been dead a few years.

It was a quarter of a century before the war between England and France for the possession of Canada and the Mississippi valley, and forty-six years before the American Revolution. It was three years before Georgia was colonized and two years before George Washington was born.

It was over a hundred years before the last Indian war

occurred in Illinois and eighty-two years before the massacre at Fort Dearborn. And just a hundred years prior to the first settlement in Lyons township.

Yes, 1730 is pretty early in western annals;—or in eastern annals either.

And talking about Lyons, reminds me that Lyons was one of the contributing causes of the tragedy. From this it will be seen that our friend and neighbor's capacity to make trouble is not a development of the twentieth century.

The story is too long to tell in detail. The Fox Indians, who were called "Renards" by the French (the English merely translated the name) occupied a large territory in Wisconsin and in northern Illinois. They were superior to most of the western Indians and their belligerency gave the French no end of trouble. Even before the year 1700, the French traders passed from Canada to the Illinois country and Mississippi valley, taking the routes previously taken by Marquette, La Salle, Joliet and Tonti. They used either the portage at the Wisconsin river or the one here at Lyons, from the Chicago river into the Desplaines and thence down the Illinois to the French settlement at Fort St. Louis, Kaskaskia and Cahokia and points on the Mississippi.

Both these portages were in the hands of the Foxes, who levied toll on the Frenchmen. The latter, in exasperation finally decided that their only recourse was to destroy the Foxes. Previous to this resolution the French had many

battles with the Foxes. As early as 1716, Des Lignerie, the French commandant at Mackinac made war upon them and defeated them in a bloody battle on the Wisconsin. By degrees the French detached the Indian allies of the Foxes. Constant warfare through many years reduced the latter in numbers until they finally decided to take refuge with the Iroquois, their former enemies. This was in the summer of 1730.

They took up their line of march from Wisconsin, following the Kishwaukee trail. This brought them to the vicinity of Maramech, an ancient village of the Miami. The site of this old Indian town, mentioned by Father Allouez as early as 1672, is in the township of Little Rock in Kendall county. It is on Fox river and near it are Big Rock creek and Little Rock creek.

But this move of the Foxes, necessary as it was for their safety, gave opportunity to the French. How news travels over vast stretches of territory with the rapidity it does, is always a mystery. At any rate, the French commandant at Green Bay and St. Ange, commandant at Fort Chartres way down the Illinois, at least 500 miles from Green Bay, seem to have been apprised of the fact simultaneously that the Foxes were at Maramech. At the post of St. Joseph (either near the present site of Niles, Mich., or South Bend, Ind., its exact location is in controversy) De Villiers, the commandant, was also informed of the fact, as well as

De Noille, commandant at Detroit. A simultaneous movement was commenced towards Maramech from all these quarters.

Nothing is more surprising to us in this age than the freedom and rapidity with which the early Frenchmen moved in our western wilderness. You follow La Salle, Marquette or any of them, and the distances they traversed in a given time are amazing. Remember that they had only canoes, and were generally under the necessity of providing their own food by hunting.

Here we have expeditions from Green Bay in Wisconsin, Fort Chartres in Illinois, close to St. Louis, St. Joseph in Indiana and Detroit in Michigan, hundreds of miles apart, all converging to a point in what was then a trackless waste of woods and prairie.

St. Ange brought one hundred French and four hundred Indians from Fort Chartres, Kaskaskia, Cahokia and old Fort St. Louis. He reached Maramech on August 12. His route was up the Illinois river to where the Fox empties into it, and thence up the Fox to Maramech.

The Indians had fortified Maramech Hill, and St. Ange immediately besieged them there.

Soon after, De Villiers arrived with fifty Frenchmen and five hundred Indians from St. Joseph. His probable route was along Lake Michigan to the Chicago river, thence to the trail at Lyons and along what is now Ogden avenue,

through La Grange, and probably on to Aurora and beyond, by pretty much the same route as the Burlington now takes, which is rarely out of sight of the old trail.

De Noille brought a few Frenchmen and two hundred Miamis. But he brought something worse;—orders from Canada that the Foxes should be destroyed. De Villiers, to his credit, had been willing to make terms with the Foxes. But the Indian allies were unwilling and the orders from Canada sealed the doom of the Foxes.

The French besieged Maramech Hill in regular warlike fashion, building forts and trenches (the traces of which could be seen a few years ago, at least), and the Foxes were starving when the crisis came. They had been besieged from August 12 to September 8. On that day a terrific storm occurred, lasting into the night, which was very cold for the season, and dark. Taking advantage of the darkness, the Foxes made their escape from their prison. Their departure was known from the cries of the children, but in the storm and darkness the French and their allies were afraid to attack, not being able to distinguish friend from foe.

Daylight on September 9 brought the tragedy. The French and Indians, numbering about 1,400, soon overtook the starved Foxes. The official account transmitted from Quebec to the French government of the final tragedy is grimly simple. It says:

“The women, the children and the old men were march-

ing at the head and the warriors had taken their places behind them in order to protect them. They were at first broken and then defeated. The number of the dead and of the prisoners was about three hundred warriors, without speaking of the women and children. All agree that at the most only fifty or sixty men escaped, who ran away without guns or any of the weapons necessary to life. The Illinois of the Rock (this means the Illinois Indians from La Vantum, near Fort St. Louis on Starved Rock), the Mascoutins and the Kickapoos are at present after this small remaining number of fugitives and the first news will bring information of the destruction of this miserable nation."

From another source, we are left in no doubt as to the casualties of the battle. In a letter to the Minister of the Colonies, the writer (evidently sending the account from New Orleans—Illinois was in Louisiana at that time) says:

"That which I have been able to learn the most positive from the French who were on that expedition is that they killed 1,100 or 1,200 Foxes—men as well as women and children. This destruction will do an infinite amount of good to the colony of Louisiana, whose progress was arrested by the continual incursions they made upon the French as well as upon the Illinois" (Indians).

Another significant sentence is: "Our savages complain that those of Canada have kept too many slaves, (of the Foxes) "they ought to kill them all, as they have done."

"Our savages" no doubt refers to the Illinois Indians. They that take the sword shall perish by the sword. Nearly fifty years later the Illinois Indians were annihilated in practically the same way. They were also besieged on a rock, Starved Rock, the same as the Foxes were on Maramech, and if traditions be true, all were killed either at La Vantum or died of hunger and thirst on "The Rock," where old Fort St. Louis had stood. In fact, the two accounts are so similar in details that some have thought one derived from the other.

But there is no doubt of the essential truth of the account of the Maramech tragedy, as all the facts are given from documents in the archives of France, some of which had never been translated until seven years ago, when J. F. Stewart, who identified the site of Maramech and marked it with a monument commemorating the massacre, secured copies of the documents.

Maramech had been previously located at several places, even as far east as Kalamazoo. "Maramech," "Merimeg," "Merimac," all means "sturgeon" in different Indian tongues. They called any sturgeon stream by that name.

There have been all sorts of relics found around the site of the village and the battle ground. Some of our La Grange citizens gathered walnuts on Maramech Hill when they were boys and possibly found flint implements and pottery of the old Miami village and relics of the great tragedy which annihilated one of the bravest of the aboriginal tribes.

LYONS—ITS POSSIBILITIES

The Tatler has already told how Lyons got her start downward, until of late her permanent location has been on the broad way that leadeth to destruction. This was the big spree in June 1834, that signalized the election of Jean Baptiste Beaubien as Colonel of the sixtieth Illinois Regiment.

All Chicago, then a village, turned out to the "meet" at Barney Lawton's Tavern. How they all got home again is a mystery, for punch flowed like the water of Bourbon Spring. Perhaps some of them didn't get home until the next day, as has been the case with many a poor sinner in later years.

The memory of the big militia spree at Barney Lawton's Tavern at Lyons lasted until Chicago grew to a metropolis. And the ghosts of headache, nausea and remorse have haunted the place for nearly seventy-five years. Probably in all that time one could get a drink in Lyons. It has been "wet."

But the town was not always what it has been in the last few years. During most of its history Lyons was simply a dull village with perhaps a few more shrines to Bacchus than most places of its size. It was not any special menace to morality. But like the individual steady drinker, a town is very liable to go from bad to worse, and Lyons has been traveling pretty rapidly of late; so rapidly that something had to be done,—and "we done it."

And what a shame it was, too, to have to do it. It is more pathetic and vastly more serious, to see a town go wrong than to see an individual gradually decline from an honorable position. And then what historic associations Lyons has back of her; how full of recollections of those great Frenchmen, who explored Illinois, preached the gospel to the Indians and settled in this state, when there was an unbroken wilderness eastward for nearly a thousand miles.

Every one of those great names in the annals of New France passed over the portage at Lyons; probably rested there. It is almost certain that the saintly Marquette passed that awful winter in 1675 at Lyons, when he expected to die. And there were two Frenchmen living there when he came. La Salle, Tonti and the rest of the great explorers passed and repassed Lyons, with hundreds of voyagers and missionaries, some unknown to us by name, some nameless, who descended into the interior to trade, to preach or to settle, by way of the Chicago river, the Lyons portage and the Desplaines river. More than one armed force camped there during the Revolution. Lyons was the gate to Illinois for one hundred and fifty years; and probably at no time since 1650 has Lyons been, except for brief periods, without some white man's habitation. Two hundred and fifty years of existence in the still young west! It is older than most cities on the Atlantic coast.

Can Lyons reform? Certainly. There may be the inevitable "morning after"; but there is the making of a town there. The worst of her citizens will probably leave. That will be a good riddance. Other things will take the place of the saloons. No towns so short a distance from a center like Chicago can fall into neglect and stay there. New people will come.

The regeneration of Lyons may be rapid and the town spring into new life in a few months. Lyons has simply lost the things that have dragged her down and kept her down. That a community can be ruined by stopping a course that leads an individual to destruction, is unthinkable. Lyons will yet be all right and no discredit to her neighbors. But her saloons must close and stay closed.

First and last a great many people have passed over the Lyons portage into the Desplaines river, or from the Desplaines into the Chicago river, long before Fort Dearborn was built in 1803. Some of these were men whose names have found a place in history; but most of those early travelers to the Lyons portage which is almost at our door, were traders and trappers who have left not even their names behind them. Some few others we know the names of by the mere chance of the survival of a few documents, mostly letters.

One of the latter class was considerably in evidence in Chicago recently when the case of the People of Illinois

versus the Economy Light & Power Company was heard by Judge Mack of the Circuit Court. The suit was to enjoin the building of the company's dam across the Desplaines river at Dresden Heights, and the State sought to prove that the Desplaines river had always been a navigable stream and as such, the State had control of it, and could prevent interference with navigation, by the building of the dam.

To this end voluminous evidence was introduced as to the trade and commerce of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the early part of the nineteenth. Among the written evidence was the manuscript journal of Hugh Heward, a trader from Detroit who was at Lyons in 1790.

He was on a trading expedition and came to Chicago, or rather the site of it, in May of that year, made the portage at Lyons, passed into the Desplaines and down the Illinois. His journal shows that the Desplaines was at that time a highway of commerce, as indeed it had always been.

This trip was evidently not Heward's first journey to Illinois. On April 24, 1787, according to the court clerk's record filed at Cahokia by Hugh Menard, a power of attorney from John Askins of Detroit and the Miami Company, to collect debts due Askins and the company. And a week afterward Heward was one of the jurymen that heard a lawsuit at Cahokia between Jean Dumoulin and Augustin Dubuque. As a juror his name is given as "Hugues

Huvar," which is a pretty good "try" at an English name, for those old French records.

The power of attorney is in English and Heward's name is signed to it. His residence is given as Detroit. It was from seeing his signature in this old French Record book that Professor Alvord was able to swear, in Judge Mack's court, that this manuscript was in the handwriting of Heward.

It was three years after he was at Cahokia that Heward made the trip which his journal tells of. The first Chicago reference is made under the date of Sunday, May 9, 1790, and is as follows:

"Wind at South West inclining from the land loaded & set off our Course in a Bend nearly Nore West a Strong Wind from South South West but we were cover'd a little it being off the land . . . with . . . arrived at Grand Calamanuk & afterwards at Little Calamanuk the Course Nore West and from there arrived by a North Course under sail at Chicago under reefed sail the wind very stron & in blasts missed the Entrance of the River & were obliged to go about a mile past the land."

There were as many various spelling for "Calumet" in those days as there were for Chicago. "Kalamik" apparently was the favorite. Heward afterwards calls it "Kenumuk."

How did Heward come to miss the mouth of the Chicago river? Easily enough. Probably the only landmark site of the future Fort Dearborn. At that time the river instead of flowing straight east into the lake, turned abruptly south at about where Rush street is and flowed into the lake where Madison street is now. Very likely the house was the landmark Heward was looking for, and the high wind may have caused him not to notice that he had passed the mouth of the river.

The next entry is that of the following day and reads thus:

“Monday, May 10.—Slept at Point Sables. Met Cannott and begun to hull corn and bake bread, to have everything ready for next morning. Left Cannott at Point Sables and took his periogue and bought of him forty-one pounds of flour and baked bread and between twenty-five and thirty-nine pounds of pork, and paid him with thirteen yards 4-4 cotton.”

The “Point Sables” where he slept, was the house of a San Domingo negro, Jean Baptiste Point de Saible. This house was built about 1779 by this remarkable and mysterious negro who has been mentioned before. When Point de Saible left Chicago about 1796 and went to live with his friend Glamorgan down in the vicinity of St. Louis, he sold the house to the Frenchman, Le Mai, and the latter in turn, sold it to John Kinzie in 1804. This is the house with the

porch and Lombardy poplars, pictures of which are always seen in the old books about early Chicago.

Point de Saible was educated, rich, and is credited with holding a secret commission from some government, and with having limitless ambitions in regard to the Indians, with himself as another Pontiac or Tecumseh.

The Tatler does not recall having seen mention of the trader "Cannott" in any other place than this one in Heward's journal. Perhaps, judging from the idiosyncrasies of Mr. Heward's spelling, his real name was "Kennett." I would venture, in that case, to suggest that he was an employe of Wm. Burnett, a trader on the St. Joseph river at that period. For in a letter written May 6, 1790, the very week that Heward reached Chicago, Burnett writes that he had received a letter the day before from Chicago saying that there was no business in the Mississippi that year. It is quite possible the writer of this letter from Chicago (sent no doubt by a Pottawattomie) was this Cannott. A year afterwards, in February 1791, Burnett speaks of the Pottawattomies at Chicago having killed a Frenchman about twenty days previously, the noble red men giving as a reason that there were "plenty of Frenchmen." Possibly Cannott, if a Frenchman, was on the Pottawattomie list as one "that never would be missed."

The real meat of the journal so far as we are concerned,

and the dam at Dresden Heights, for that matter, is the entries under May 11 and 12, which are as follows:

"Tuesday, May 11.—Engaged 5 Indians to help us over the Carrying place with the periogue and paid them 2 handfuls of powder each. Daurrier this morning very saucy and abuseful about getting Salt I promised to requite him for it—a Showery Day & West at Wets the Carrying Place about 1/2 a mile got over nearly at Mid Day—from thence passed in the Run & Small League to the River deplain & course tuching South West a very wet afternoon & heavy thunder arrived at the River deplain said to be 15 miles & encamped.

"Wednesday, May 12.—Sett off from the River deplain which runs from the North our Course down the Illinois River South West passed La Croix & after Les Arbes & a pass that goes in a small lake to the South East & by the pass its said to be 3 leagues to Little Kenomuk on the lake this about 11 o'clock—pass the petite and Grand Tosil & afterwards the long Rapid and came to the village of Mount Juilliette the Course South West a high hill at West resumbling Fort Lernoult pass afterwards the Lake following and camped—Here Morras informed me not to be surprised."

Alas for the enduring fame of our Lyons portage, when two of our great Chicago dailies understand the hiring of the Indians "to help us over the carrying place with the periogue" to mean that there were shallow places in the

Desplaines! And another great daily says that the Indians were hired to carry the boat from the lake shore to the Desplaines! As a matter of fact, the "carrying place" as Heward says, was only half a mile, at that time of year. The route was, of course, from the west fork of the south branch of the Chicago river. The "small league" was Mud lake.

You can find the exact spot where Heward got into the Desplaines by following Harlem avenue south from Berwyn.

Heward is about right as to the distance from Mud lake to Point de Saible's house. The second "small lake" he mentions was probably in the neighborhood between Summit and Willow Springs.

Awhile ago the Tatler suggested that the old "lost" French mission, located by some upon the north shore, was probably in this region, and gave reasons. The mention of "La Croix" seems to indicate some such place over at the Sag, probably abandoned nearly a hundred years before.

It will be noticed that Heward calls the river "the Illinois" as well as the Desplaines. It was considered the same as the Illinois river into which it flows and is often referred to as the Illinois.

And here we get onto the original name of our ambitious neighbor, Joliet. It is entirely creditable that it now bears the name of the great explorer, Louis Joliet; but that was an after thought. Heward calls the great mound, "Juliette,"

and the place was afterwards known as "Juliet." Joliet is very modern.

This trading excursion of an obscure trader, the uneventful record of which has been preserved only in his own journal, becomes of curious importance one hundred and eighteen years afterwards in a suit at law between a rich and popular state not then in existence, and a great corporation, formed to handle an article which Heward saw in evidence in those stormy May skies, but which neither he nor the learned of his time imagined could be manufactured by the running water he was traversing and made to light houses, turn machinery, propel cars and "periogues" even—and become man's most useful servant. He was four days going from Point de Saible's house to Joliet in 1790; in 1908 he could, if he were here, go down after breakfast and get back for dinner. He could, if he liked, take almost the same route by trolley, passing within hailing distance of the "carrying place."

But why should we brag about such things and assume a sort of superiority over the dead and the past? Did we do it all? Didn't Heward's contemporary, Franklin, make the first start towards our trolley's system?

We are the product of past generations multiplied into each other. The last is necessarily larger than any of the factors; and the next generation will multiply us by itself and look at the total with the same sort of satisfaction with

itself and commiseration for us that we feel for Heward with the "periogue" and handfuls of gun powder and other humble accessories of his time.

The most conceited man is never so conceited as his era.

SUMMIT AND ITS NOTABLES

SUMMIT is not an attractive place to the critical eye; but it will not be any better by virtue of being bigger. This is rank heresy, I know, to our American way of thinking. We look leniently on anything that is big, even a big rascal. We make a virtue of mere size. To many of us Summit's chief offense would be its smallness.

This little old village that is "destined for a larger life," or "doomed to extinction," according as you look upon life, is older than any of the places hereabouts except Lyons. Its first house was the stagecoach tavern, built in 1835; the "Archer road" of today. It is on the line of Fifty-Fifth street; and the old Illinois & Michigan canal gave it some importance in by-gone days, as did the Chicago, Alton & St. Louis railroad at a later time. But it was always too near Chicago; the flame scorched its wings, as it did of all the towns for a radius of 40 miles. It was too far and too near Chicago for any large growth of its own; and so, after nearly seventy-five years of existence, it numbers only about five hundred people.

Whether it got its appropriate name from its location on the "watershed" or was christened by some one from the western reserve after the town of that name in Cuyahoga county, one does not know: probably the former, for Ohio "Yankees" were not very numerous around there in early

days. The village was Hibernian; and years ago, that meant Democratic. Indeed, tradition says that at one time the Republican standard in Summit had only two defenders—R. J. Allison and Mr. Wellbourn. Heaven bless them for martyrs. Their sons live here in La Grange and have not forgotten the political gospel of their sires.

The Summit of today is not Hibernian, but polyglot. There are Germans, Poles and Italians there; perhaps some Hungarians and others from the many-tongued Austrian empire. If not there now, they soon will be.

Now that is a curious thing about the Irish. Why is it that although the individual Irishman has the personal force and enterprise that push him ahead, the Irish collectively seem to have so little resistance to intrusion in communities? The Irish towns in Illinois and the Irish section in Chicago, have all followed the footsteps of Summit, or are following them. It seems all the more curious, as the Irish element has become of increasing importance. But perhaps right here is the explanation; viz., that the Irish have grown in wealth and influence for the reason that they do not cohere in communities, but exhibit the centrifugal tendency.

The old stage tavern around which the early history of the town centers, was kept, along in 1838, by Thomas Butcher. Stephen White, a well-known name in this vicinity in the long distant past, also occupied the place, and later Dennis

O'Brien, who was a well-known citizen of the village for half a century.

Besides those mentioned, were the Doyles, Dennis and Patrick, Daniel Sweenie, John Maher, Michael Murphy, Dennis Coghlan, John Healy, John Murray and others who came about the time the canal was dug, or a little later.

R. J. Allison came about 1849 and was postmaster during the Civil war. His father, Robert Allison, was in Chicago as early as 1839; perhaps earlier. So, four generations of this family have flourished on Illinois soil.

"Long John" Wentworth, congressman and mayor of Chicago, was looked upon by the older people of Summit as a possession. This was on account of the proximity of the big Wentworth farm, which consisted of 4,700 acres. Yes; gentle but verdant reader from the east—that land of garden patches known as farms—four thousand seven hundred acres is what I said; seven sections and more. It is a pretty big farm still; but not the principality it used to be.

Another famous old-timer who was identified with the Summit district was Russell E. Heacock. He owned a farm near Summit, and is buried on the old Brown farm.

No American grave in Lyons township contains an older tenant than his, for he was born at Litchfield, Conn., in 1779. Originally a carpenter, he studied law in St. Louis and ran for congress in Illinois. This was along about the time the state was admitted to the union. He lived at

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Brownsville, Jackson county, and later in Jonesboro in Union county. He removed to Buffalo, N. Y., only to return, reaching Chicago on July 4, 1827. He took up quarters at Fort Dearborn and one of his children was born there. Heacock was therefore one of the earliest actual settlers of Chicago and outside the transient class of traders and travelers. He cast one of the 35 votes at the Chicago election of 1826. He practiced law, followed carpentry, kept tavern and farmed. He was one of the seven justices appointed for Cook county in 1832.

Heacock bought a good deal of land both in Chicago and outside, and had a farm near Hardscrabble as well as one south of Summit. It is told of him that on a lot he purchased he built a house, supposing he was on Adams street. As a matter of fact he had made a mistake in the block number and built on Monroe street and he proceeded to drag his house on rollers over to Adams street.

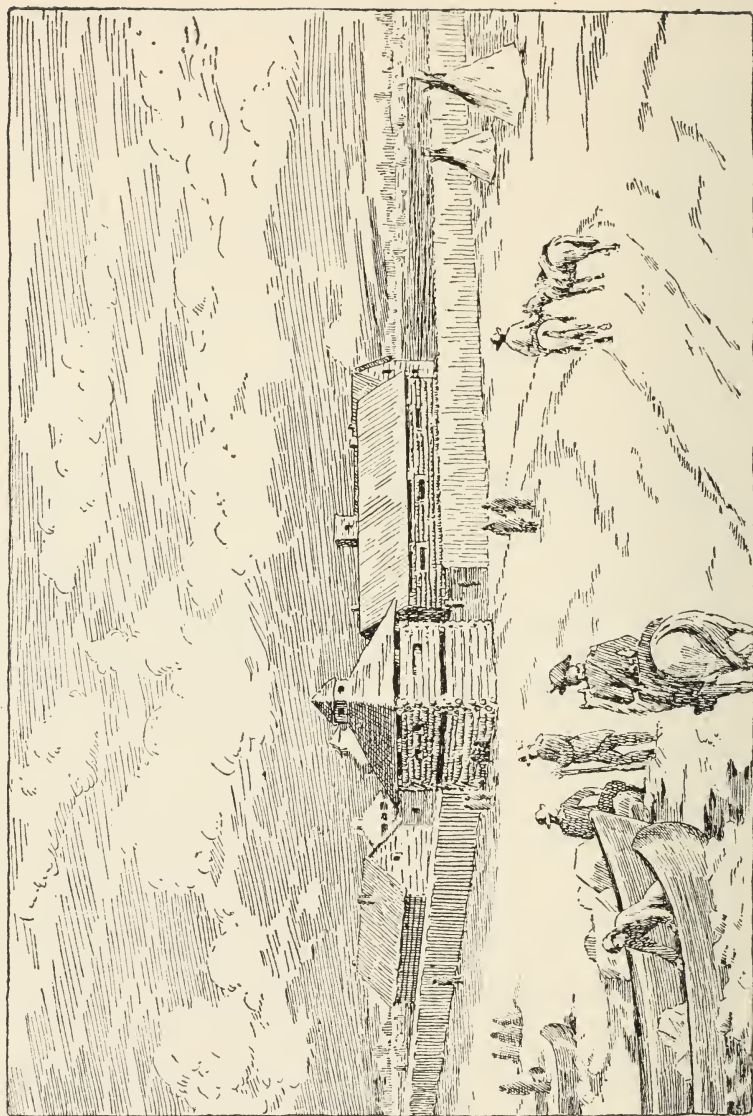
Many stories used to be current about Heacock, related particularly to his law practice; but most of them have an apocryphal flavor. He either built or bought the tavern at Summit and was always interested in the canal. He was popularly known as "Shallow-Cut" Heacock, because he advocated a shallow cut for the canal, instead of a deep cut; and in this he was wiser than his fellows who sharpened their wits at his expense.

His end was tragic. When the cholera came in 1849

(he had been through the first cholera plague of 1832), he hurriedly removed his family to the Summit farm for safety. But there, between June 28 and 30, 1848, Heacock, his wife and two sons all died of the dread scourge.

He can be reckoned as the first Chicago "boomer." As early as 1832 he published glowing letters in a Buffalo paper of the kind that was common for twenty-five years afterwards, and contributed to make Chicago a well known place in the east. He had genuine faith in the future of the Garden city and invested all the money he could obtain in land. Had he not met with reverses in the panic of 1837, he would doubtless have laid the foundations of a great fortune.

Old Summit can rightfully claim a part in the life history of one of Chicago's earliest settlers, who deserved well of his fellow citizens, even if his life was not closed amid scenes of worldly success. May the grass grow green above his grave.



Fort Dearborn

FRENCH OCCUPATION IN ILLINOIS

HENRY DE TONTY'S father was the actual inventor of the Tontine plan of gambling on chances of survivorship. That is the only blot on the escutcheon of the dauntless Italian who served his adopted France so well. But Tonty's father never dreamed that two hundred and fifty years after his time the Hydes, the McCurdys and the McCalls would develop and expand the idea so that it would reach into the homes (and pockets) of millions.

A paper read before the Chicago Historical Society, claiming that a French Mission existed at Grosse Point, up on the north shore, as early as 1696, was made the occasion by the newspapers for airing a lot of curious misinformation about Illinois and Chicago during the French occupation.

It was remarked, for instance, that it pushes the settlement of Chicago more than a century back from the putative date of 1803 when Captain Whistler built Fort Dearborn. Well, yes, rather, Fort Dearborn was located on the Chicago river because it was a strategic point, well known, even then. The newspaper statement is a good example of the perverseness with which we insist that everything shall commence with American occupation; but even then, 1803 is a quarter of a century too late. On an old French map of about 1720 "Ft. Chicagou" is marked at the mouth of the river.

As a matter of fact there has been no time since 1675, or the date of the coming of Joliet and La Salle, when there have not been white men in Illinois. Kaskaskia, Cahokia, Fort Chartres, Creve Coeur, Fort Saint Louis (the latter at the great Indian village of La Vantum on the Illinois) were all settled between 1675 and 1700. "Chicagou" was mentioned as the place of payment in a French deed of the date of 1697. Frenchmen had gone from the Illinois river to fight the Iroquois Indians in New York state more than a hundred years before Captain Whistler erected Fort Dearborn. There were 3,000 French in Illinois when the territory was surrendered to the English in 1765. Americans were not the first to discover the importance of Chicago geographically. It had the same name as now long before the date of founding the mission at Grosse Point, if the latter ever had an existence.

But I doubt if there was ever a mission there. Someone errs in saying that there were missions only at Cahokia and Kaskaskia besides the one at Grosse Point. There was also one at La Vantum. The reason I doubt the existence of a mission at Grosse Point is its proximity to the implacable enemies of the French and Indians of the Illinois—the Fox Indians at the north. While it would not be fair to judge such evidence until it is submitted, the north shore seems hardly the place that would be selected for a mission as early as 1696. At that time there were several missions

among the Illinois Indians; but were any of the Illinois Indians found north of the Chicago river? This again I doubt. The location of the lost mission better be looked for on the Desplaines river (maybe at Lyons or at the Sag) unless this Grosse Point conjecture is borne out by strong proof.

One of the remaining relics of the French occupation of Illinois was much in evidence in the Chicago papers of December, 1906. That was the old courthouse of Cahokia, which was removed to Chicago and re-erected in the South Park. It was built in 1716 and justice was administered within its walls in the name of Louis XV. For nearly fifty years afterward it represented French rule in the valley of the Mississippi, or until France surrendered Illinois, along with Canada, to the English.

The English lease of power in Illinois under George III lasted only fifteen years, and was ended by the expedition of the gallant Col. George Rogers Clark in 1778. And that, by the way, made Patrick Henry, then governor of Virginia, under whose authority the expedition was sent, the first American executive of Illinois.

But is it just the thing, sentimentally, to transplant an antiquity in this way; to uproot it from its associations and set it among incongruous surroundings? The obelisk in Central Park, New York, for instance, which recalls the great Egyptian, Thothmes; or this old courthouse, in South

Park, Chicago, which recalls the little Frenchman, Louis. It seems a sort of secular sacrilege. There are relics at Kaskaskia and Cahokia that should be made secure for the future; portable articles that may be lost or stolen. Such are the church bell and the chalice given to Kaskaskia by Louis XV; old records and the like. There might be reasons for transferring these to a museum for safekeeping. But transplanting buildings and monuments is another matter.

But perhaps, as we have begun, some rich man will buy, tear down, and rebuild on Lake Shore drive the old Menard mansion at Kaskaskia. Architecturally it would be an improvement on some of the palaces that line Chicago's Appian way; but would the spirits of the old Menards permit it? Wouldn't there be a haunted house on the drive after the old Kaskaskia mansion was rebuilt and properly modernized for twentieth century occupancy? Or don't you believe in ghosts?

Talking of the Menards, reminds me of something that must force itself on everybody's attention at times; and this is, how close we are to the past, after all. There was a man in La Grange not long ago, who knew a man that visited La Fayette in La Grange, France. This same man, who was pretty well along in the afternoon of life, knew in his early youth an old lady who was in Strasbourg in 1789 when it was besieged by the French revolutionists, during which siege the *Marsellaise* was composed by Rouget de Lisle.

True, she was a child of six years or thereabouts; but here are two lives that stretch back from the twentieth century into the eighteenth; to the time of Robespierre, Danton and Marat; to Napoleon and the greatest epoch in modern history. Sometimes history becomes very real.

But about the Menards, the writer once knew a lady who had conversed with old Pierre Menard on the veranda of his mansion at Kaskaskia. He was a white haired, courtly, stately old man, and sat in his easy chair on the rose covered veranda, a human link that bound the American Illinois to the Illinois of the time when the French held sway in the valley. He knew the Chouteaus and the Gratiots and the descendants of the Illinois explorers and settlers.

Menard was the first lieutenant-governor of Illinois, being elected in 1818 when Kaskaskia was the capital. You see the French were still numerous enough to be a political factor. Those were the days when American freemen, especially in the West and South, were learning lessons in self-government and finance, by that most costly of methods, the empirical. One of these measures came up when Menard was president of the Senate in 1821. It was to establish a state bank without any capital. Notes were to be issued, and the motion was made that these bank notes be made legal tender at the U. S. Land Office for the purchase of government land. Menard put the motion and declared it carried. And then he added: "And now, gentlemen, I

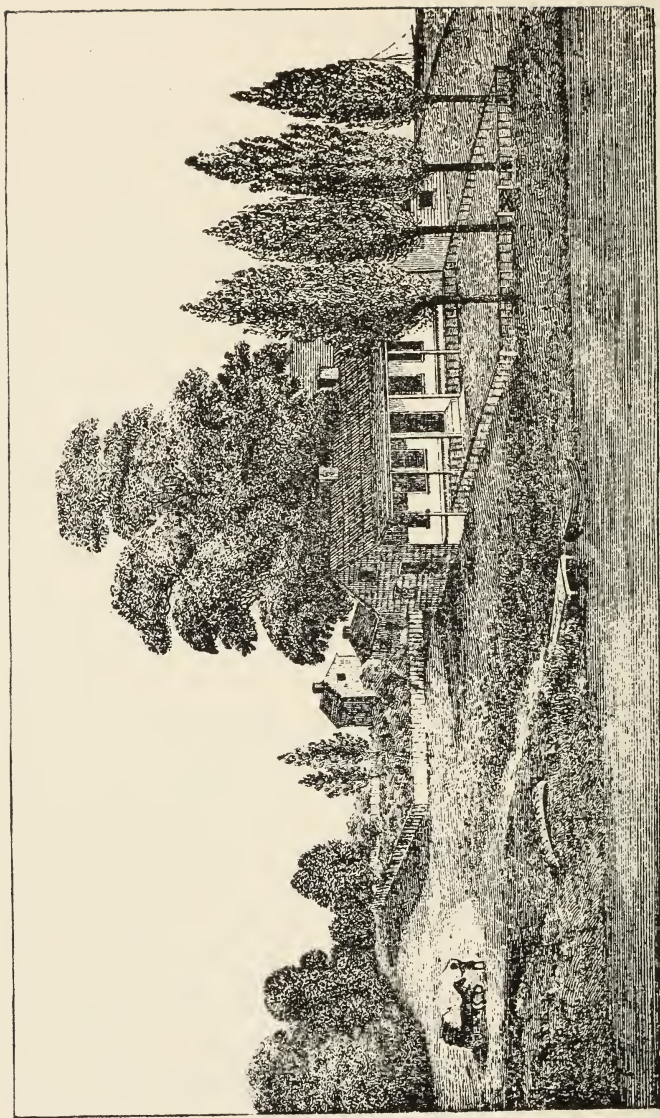
bet you one hundred dollars he never be made land office money." The records didn't show that the bet was taken; but subsequent history proved that the level-headed Frenchman was right. The bank was a failure.

Talking of Pierre Menard, the first lieutenant-governor, recalls another man who was the first attorney general of Illinois. This was Daniel P. Cook, for whom this county was named. How little seems to be known of him; yet he was a great man in his time. He was a member of congress, and to him was due the cession of 300,000 acres of land by the United States government for the digging of the Illinois and Michigan canal. If all that contemporaries say of Cook be true, we need never blush for the name. He was a scholarly gentleman, absolutely without guile, and with graces, abilities and virtues sufficient for several ordinary statesmen.

Evidently Cook was a little too good for his time; for the people defeated him in 1826 for re-election to congress, where he had held the most important position in it, as chairman of the ways and means committee. But that was the fault of the times. Cook had voted for John Quincy Adams when the election for president was thrown into the house of representatives in 1824. He was the sole member from Illinois and that gave the vote of the state to Adams. That settled it. The Jackson men of the time yelled "fraud" as vociferously as did their descendants fifty years later, and

Cook, who had beaten the strongest men of the state, was retired on the strength of his exercising a prerogative given him by the Constitution of the United States.

But about that Cahokia courthouse. It was built in what is now St. Clair county. And all this part of the country, even Cook county was a part of St. Clair county in the early decades of the eighteenth century. So perhaps, it was all right to move the building here. County seats have been changed by the simple expedient of carrying off the courthouse. As a part of the old St. Clair county, possibly Chicago may be excused for putting in a claim for the relic.



THE OLD KINZIE HOUSE

The first House in Chicago partly built in 1796 finished and occupied by JOHN KINZIE in 1804.

THE FIRST "WHITE" MAN IN CHICAGO

WE were mildly surprised that in the statement of the colored people, no reference was made to one of the earliest settlers of this Chicago region, a negro; the more so, as arguments drawn from priority or precedence always seem to appeal with particular force to the colored man's reason. But no allusion was made to Jean Baptiste Pointe de Saible, who was the colored man in question and who settled in Chicago back in the time of the Revolutionary war. He came as early as 1778, and there was no white man at Chicago that we know of, at that date, unless it were the Frenchman, Guarrie, who had a place for many years on the north branch of the river.

The Indians hereabout used to say, in perfect innocence of committing a bull, that "the first white man who lived in Chicago was a negro." They knew the French had passed and repassed at Chicago for a hundred and fifty years; and that some had lived and traded around these parts for a greater or less period of time. But Jean Baptiste Pointe de Saible (Mrs. Kinzie called him "au Sable") actually "settled down" and fully intended to live in Chicago the rest of his days. Why he intended to do so, is easily drawn from the few facts that have come down to us in regard to him.

One fact is undeniable. He built what was known as the "first house in Chicago" and which used to be pictured in the geographies and other books of two generations ago. This was the so-called "Kinzie Mansion."

Jean Baptiste built it. He sold it to Le Mai, the French trader, in 1798, who in turn disposed of it to John Kinzie in 1803. It was on the north branch at the foot of Pine street, almost directly opposite Fort Dearborn, which was built in 1804. This old house was still standing in the memory of Fernando Jones, and numbers of other living Chicagoans.

The first reference to Jean Baptiste comes to us in a roundabout way. Col. Arent Schuyler de Peyster, a New York tory, was in command of the British at Mackinac, during the Revolution. He was a rhymester as well as a soldier, and in a rhyming "Speech to the Western Indians," written about 1778, and published among his "Miscellanies," he makes reference to Col. George Rogers Clark, to Chicago, to the expedition of Sieur Charles de Langlade against the Americans in Illinois, mentioned in a former paper, and to Baptiste Pointe de Saible. He calls Chicago, "Eschikagou" and explains in a foot-note that de Saible was "A handsome negro well educated and settled in Chicago, by much in the interest of the French."

We may remark in passing and in support of the favorite text that "this world is almighty small," that this Col. de

Peyster went to Scotland after the Revolutionary war (the climate here was very insalubrious to tories after 1783) and commanded the militia of which Robert Burns was a member. In fact, Burns wrote a poem in his honor.

And there you have another sample of the endless chain—Bobby Burns and the Brigs of Ayr; Col. de Peyster; Charles de Langlade and the British invasion that came to Lyons.

All roads lead to Lyons.

Jean Baptiste Pointe de Saible lived in Chicago at least 20 years, from 1778 to 1798.

Where he came from, is a matter of some dispute. One tradition is that he was a runaway slave from near Lexington, Ky., and represents him as desirous of becoming a chief among the Indians. He is reported as having lived with the Indians at a village on the Desplaines (probably either at Maywood or near Lyons) and as having married a squaw. It used to be told that he endeavored to persuade the Indians to move their village to the fork of the Chicago river, and actually induced some of them to do so. Further, it is said that he induced Father Bonner, a missionary among the Indians, to push his pretensions with the red men.

But all this seems absurd in the light of what is actually known of Jean Baptiste. He was an educated mulatto. One of the few white visitors at his lonely cabin, says he was a large man, who held a commission for some office, "but for

what particular office or for what government I cannot now recollect."

And the interesting items are added that he was "a trader, pretty wealthy and drank freely." We learn also that he spent most of his time hunting and fishing. No doubt he tramped this very ground at La Grange, especially as he probably made excursions along the old Indian trail which later became Ogden avenue.

It is altogether likely that the other story told of him was true, that he was from San Domingo, and was at Chicago in the interest of some foreign government. Very likely it was not the French government, as Col. de Peyster insinuated in his speech. The French had no possible reason for importing a foreigner for such service, when they had the best material for it in the scattered Frenchmen of Illinois and Wisconsin.

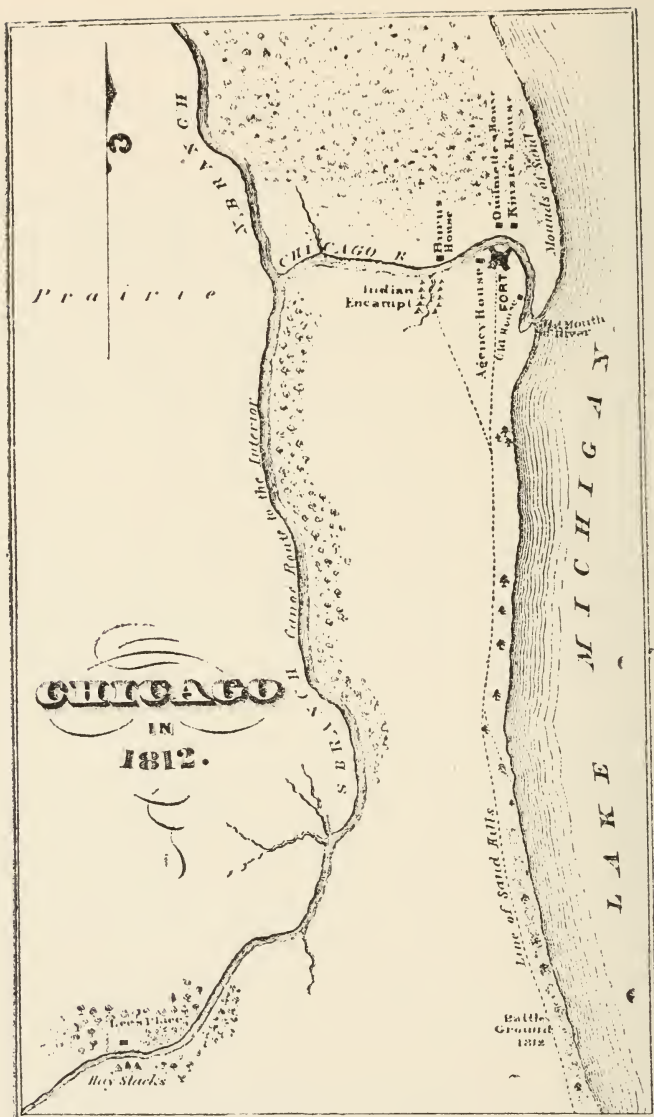
The British, on the other hand, may have had Jean Baptiste in their pay. They had agents all over the West up to the time of the War of 1812. It is possible that the Spanish government may have employed him; but the two British invasions of Illinois, both to this part of the country where he lived, looks like something more than a coincidence.

Jean Baptiste, whatever his mission, left Chicago in 1798. Maybe he did have dreams of sovereignty among the red men and left in disappointment. Or maybe he simply got tired after twenty years of solitary experience in fishing, hunting

and drinking, up and down the Chicago and Desplaines rivers and Salt creek.

Anyhow, he went to Peoria and lived with his old chum, Glamorgan, who had come from San Domingo with him, and died under his friend's roof about 1800.

Somebody ought to search the official records of this country and Canada for facts about this mysterious negro, who for twenty years was a mighty "big Injun" in these parts.



OLD ILLINOIS LANDMARK

THE Black Watch, or, officially, the Forty-second Royal Highlanders, served in America from 1756 to 1767, a period of eleven years, embracing the time of the French war and four years beyond. After the Treaty of Peace between France and Britain, in 1763, Captain Thomas Stirling embarked in boats at Fort Pitt (what is now Pittsburgh) with one hundred veterans of the Forty-second Royal Highlanders and descended the river to its mouth. He landed at Fort Massac, in Illinois, to receive its surrender from the French commandant. This was more than a year after the surrender of all the other French cities and forts in Canada.

It is not long since the records of Fort Massac have been compiled. Situated at the extreme southern limit of Illinois it was one of the spots, like Chicago, that seems to have had European occupants from the very first. It is even asserted that the Spaniards built a stockade there before the year 1550. The French occupied it very early as a post, and later as a fort. It is certain that there was a military fort there in 1711. It was surrendered to the English as stated above, and in turn, was the first place occupied by Col. George Rogers Clark, who took possession of Illinois during the Revolution, acting under the orders of Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia.

Here, at Fort Massac, the American flag was unfurled for the first time in Illinois territory by Col. Clark on June 24, 1778. The flag had been adopted only the year before.

It would be interesting to detail the history of this old Illinois landmark; how the Spaniards planned to seize it when they were plotting to detach the whole west from the United States, during Washington's administration; how Aaron Burr included Fort Massac in his dream of an independent southwestern empire; but that must wait, for speaking of Col. George Rogers Clark and Fort Massac, reminds one of Lyons.

Somehow, you always end up at Lyons. In this case the reason is that the British tried to wrest Illinois from American control after Col. Clark took possession and actually invaded Illinois. Of course they came to Lyons. The red-coats actually invaded Illinois, not once, but twice. They surely camped at Lyons or Riverside. The first invasion occurred in 1779. Charles de Verville, a Canadian Frenchman in the English service, recruited a force of French and Indians at Mackinac, came down to Chicago, crossed at the Lyons portage and dropped down the Desplaines and Illinois rivers to Le Pe, near where Peoria now stands. They captured and burned the stockade and carried off spoil and prisoners, returning by the same route. So they were at Lyons twice in the same expedition.

That seems rather long-range military operations, from

Mackinac to Peoria. But the second was even more pretentious; for it was intended to permanently hold the Illinois country for the British. It occurred in 1780. The British and their Indian allies came down the Mississippi river, intending to capture St. Louis, and use it as a base of operations against Illinois. Charles de Langlade was co-operate, and led a party, made up mostly of Indians in the pay of the British, to Chicago and the Lyons portage. But he got here too late to do anything, and returned. There were no scalps worth taking in the vicinity at that time except the non-combatant French "engages" and the San Domingo negro at Chicago, Jean Baptiste Point de Saible.

This interesting and somewhat mysterious character probably held a British commission; it is known that he represented some government and it is quite possible he planned the raid himself.

Of course, Illinois didn't cut much figure in the Revolutionary war; at least it does not in ordinary histories, but the inhabitants contributed quite a little to the body of general discontent that brought on the conflict. As early as 1771 there was a mass meeting at Kaskaskia and a demand was forwarded to the British government through General Gage, then commanding at Boston, for a government like that of Connecticut. General Gage endorsed the petition adversely, and Lord Hillsborough, the head of the Colonial Office stated that a regular government for that district

would be "highly improper"—which to the British mind is something worse than treasonable or immoral.

Lord Dartmouth drew up a "sketch of government for Illinois" which provided that all powers should be vested in officers appointed by the Crown. The Illinoisians of that time sent a bitter letter to his lordship, declining his arrogant proposal without thanks. They were a thousand miles from General Gage and Boston; but the flame of rebellion burned just as brightly down in old Kaskaskia, and other Illinois hamlets, as in Massachusetts. One of the strangest things in history is that the Englishman of King George's time didn't know how to handle Englishmen outside of Britain.

But doesn't it seem queer that Illinois had any part in the drama of '76?

THE "FLAGG CREEK CONVENTION"

"TALKING about conventions," (my friend had done the talking; it had been about Roger Sullivan's late performance with speculations as to what sort of tribulation he is arranging for that peerless leader, W. J. Bryan) "over there on the Plainfield road is where the first Cook County Democratic convention was held. That was in 1836, and was long known as the 'Flagg Creek Convention.' Most of the delegates came on horseback, some of them a distance of over forty miles, for Cook county then included Dupage county and only the year before, Lake county and a part of Will county had been set off from it. It was called the 'Flagg Creek Convention' from that little creek that starts at Western Springs. In fact, the settlement around here was known as Flagg Creek. Flagg Creek empties into the Desplaines two miles below Willow Springs.

"I understand that the place where the convention was held is where that house over there now stands," and he pointed to the Vial place. "Just think of it. That convention was held only three years after the few settlers around this region had fled to Chicago or to Plainfield to escape the Indian tomahawk, and only one year after the departure of the Indians from the final rendezvous at Lyons, to beyond the Mississippi. Democracy took root in Lyons township

pretty early; almost before the Indians left; but it hasn't turned out to be a sturdy tree, judging from the elections of late years.

"Good deal of a scrub, like the tree you just picked out at the nursery" I put in. But he didn't notice.

"Indian hostilities were just over, in 1833, when Elijah Wentworth, Jr., came to this region and built a log hotel on the Plainfield road, near the Henry place over there. He was a prominent figure thereabouts for fifteen or sixteen years.

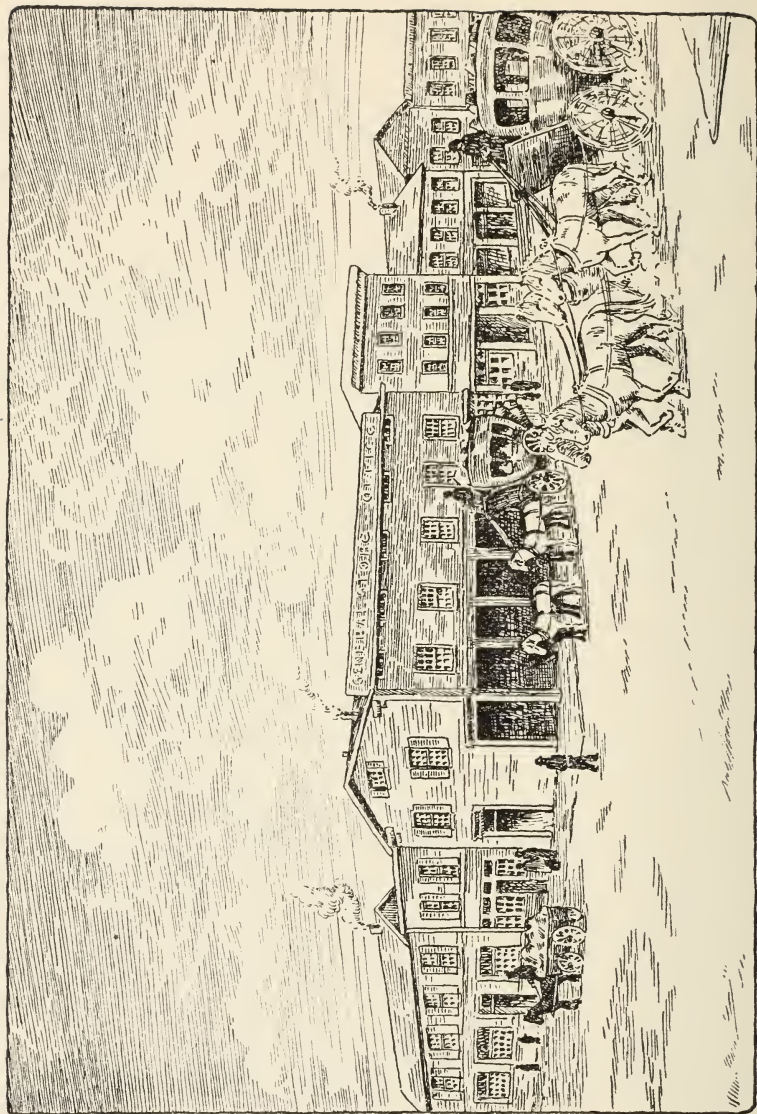
"Near Wentworth's place was Joseph Vial's place; grandfather of the La Grange Joseph Vial. He came to this region in 1833 and settled on the Plainfield road the following year. It was at this place, which was the post office, that the Flag Creek Convention was held.

"There were mighty few people around here then. Edmund Polk, who had come west from Pennsylvania by way of Kentucky, and was a veteran of the war of 1812, was settled on a farm near the present village of Lyons. The Lawtons kept tavern at Lyons, and Forbes lived at Riverside. Elijah Wentworth had just built his tavern on the Plainfield road. Men, women and children, there were probably not twenty people in Lyons township, though there may have been some French trappers over near Willow Springs.

"The Plainfield road in those early days was one of the highways to the interior, and the old stage line of Frink &

Walker used to stop at Flagg Creek as one of its stations. Mr. Vial was postmaster for many years and was also a justice of the peace later on, when Lyons township was organized.

“Another early settler around here was a man named Morse, who built a log house and took up a claim which he afterwards sold to Henry Carrington, father of N. Starr Carrington, who was well-known in La Grange where he lived for some years.”



Frink & Watkins Stage Coach Office, Corner of Dearborn and Water Streets,
Built in 1832

“TOO MANY COOKS”

VERY near the home of the Tatler's more or less happy boyhood dwelt a venerable patriarch. The Republicans, particularly the religious ones, reverently called him “Father Cook”; the Democrats alluded to him, especially in the absence of Republicans, as “Daddy Cook.”

His full title and name was Rev. Chauncey Cook, for he was a Congregationalist minister; and he lived with his son, Hon. Burton C. Cook, congressman from Illinois, confidential friend of Abraham Lincoln, later a citizen of Chicago, and counsel for the Northwestern railroad.

His son was easily the greatest man in the community and in the district; and the Tatler's maturer judgment would also place him as one of the best and truest of men. There was no blot of any kind on his public or private life and he was a conspicuous refutation of the old and foolish proverb about ministers' sons, who, in my experience, average better than the rest of us, when judged by the same standards.

Now it was an article of faith in the Tatler household, as in many others, that the Honorable B. C. Cook was a great and good man. I can imagine, but not in print, what Grandfather Tatler would have said had anybody Tatler denied it. So Tatler III acquired a deep reverence for his character. When on Sunday morning the first lesson told of the

righteous judges of Israel or the good kings of Judah, my childish fancy pictured them as like the Honorable Burton G. Cook. To this day when I read of King Hezekiah, of Josiah, I always think of Mr. Cook.

Another thing happened. The small boy can not well understand how the son can be a greater man than his father. If, then, the Honorable Burton C. Cook was a great and good man, how much greater and better must be the stately, venerable Rev. Chauncey Cook, his father.

And he was a hero, and the stuff of which martyrs are made. He had been the agent or missionary of the Illinois Anti-Slavery Society away back in 1839, when Zebina Eastman (later a Chicago editor) was publishing an abolition paper, the "Genius of Liberty," on an old Washington press at Lowell, Illinois. The Tatler didn't properly sense that fact until he was a big boy; and when it dawned upon him that Father Cook might have met Owen Lovejoy's fate, he abated no particle of his deep respect for the greatness or the white-haired, smooth-shaven old apostle of freedom.

And so it came about that youthful Tatler supposed for a long time that Cook county must have been named for one of these two local heroes. He didn't see how Captain Cook the navigator could come in for Illinois honors; and Billy Cook, who lived up near the canal and was already taking kindergarten lessons in the art of being a brakeman, was out of the question. It was not until the Tatler had out-

grown Emma Willard's History of the United States, and browsed in distinctively western history, that he learned that Cook county was named for a really great, but now almost forgotten statesman of Illinois, Hon. Daniel P. Cook, quite worthy to be classed with the Cooks of later fame.

Like so many great sons of Illinois, Daniel P. Cook was born in Kentucky. That's an Irish bull, of course; but the truth often falls into that form of paradox. Born in 1794, he studied law and removed to Kaskaskia in 1815. The law business was dull in 'Kaskia, the Illinois territorial capital in those days; and Cook purchased, with Robert Blackwell, the "Illinois Intelligencer," the first paper published in Illinois, it having been established six years before, in 1809, by Mathew Duncan.

And here the Tatler is tempted to make a long excursion and quote from the files of the Intelligencer, some of which have fortunately been preserved. For one thing, they would show how far journalism has advanced in news gathering in a century, even if we can not wholly approve of modern methods in the selection and presentation of what is supposed to interest the public. But what surprises one most, is the apparent ease with which a young man of 21 goes to a new state, runs a newspaper, gets into politics, carves out a career and dies in a space of time which nowadays would be spent in getting a real start.

For Cook marched right along from the time he came to

Illinois. In 1816, when only twenty-two years old, he was auditor of public accounts. In 1817 he was clerk of the Territorial House of Representatives, and in 1818 became a circuit judge, at the age of twenty-four. In the selfsame year, he was candidate for congress for the short term, expiring in March, 1819 (Illinois having been admitted as a state only a few months before). His opponent was John McLean of Shawneetown (another Kentuckian whose name was given to the bog county in which Bloomington is located), and McLean squeezed in by a majority of only fourteen votes.

But for the long term, for which the election was held in 1819, he beat McLean by a thousand votes; and two years later he beat another opponent, Hon. Elias Kent Kane (for whom the big Fox river county was named) by two thousand votes. Two years later, in 1824 he added the scalp of Ex-Governor Bond to his congressional belt, with three thousand votes to spare.

Cook was a Federalist and a consistent opponent of slavery, though not an extremist. He was against the expansion of slave territory, though it is hardly likely that he would have endorsed overt acts against it as an institution in older states. The Union was too fragile and slavery too firmly established to make agitation for its extinction or curtailment feasible or politic.

S U R V I V A L S I N N A M E S

WHEN we remember that Illinois was traversed in all directions by the French for 100 years before the land passed into the hands of the English, or indeed practically before any foreign English or American English visited the state, it is remarkable that so few French names survive. There are only three in the whole list of counties. One of these is Du Page, which is just west of us, named after the Du Page river, and that after a French trader who lived hereabouts. La Salle is another, in honor of the great explorer, and Bureau is the third, called from Pierre Buero, a French trader. Massac may be French or Indian. The county was named after old Fort Massac.

So, too, it seems curious that Illinois with its native Indian tribes and dusky invaders from the north and east, should have only seven counties with Indian names. These are Iroquois, Kankakee, Macoupin, Peoria, Sangamon, Wabash and Winnebago.

Iowa has more than twice as many Indian names among its counties and Michigan four times as many.

The origin of the majority of county names is obvious to the reader of American history. One hardly needs be told that Washington, Monroe, Madison, Adams and Jackson counties were named in honor of American presidents.

At least one man in La Grange, viz., the Tatler, always supposed Adams county was named after President John Adams. The Blue Book, however, informs us that it was named after John Quincy Adams. (Important note: If you are reading this aloud in the presence of Massachusetts people, pronounce it "Quinzy".) So, it happens, that the president who was snubbed in the naming of our Chicago streets by having an alley called after his middle name, gave title to one of the finest counties in the state.

About half of the counties in the state were christened for soldiers or statesmen of the Revolution. The well known names make a long list: De Kalb, Clark, Greene, Jasper, Knox, Marion, Mercer, Montgomery, Morgan, Moultrie, Pulaski, Putnam, Schuyler, Stark, St. Clair, Warren and Wayne are all familiar in the annals of the War of Independence.

So are the names of Carroll, Franklin, Gallatin, Hamilton, Hancock, Henry, Lee (Richard Henry), Livingston, Marshall and Randolph familiar in the civil history of the time.

The heroes of the War of 1812 are perpetuated in the names of several counties: Brown, Johnson (who killed Tecumseh), Jo Daviess (Joseph Hamilton Daviess of Kentucky, killed in the battle of Tippecanoe), Pike (Zebulon Pike, the explorer) and Shelby, and Lawrence, Perry and McDonough (naval commanders).

Calhoun, Clay, Cass, Clinton, Crawford, Boone, and Douglas sufficiently indicate their origin. But most people wouldn't guess that De Witt county was named from De Witt C. Clinton, who thus enjoys the unique distinction of giving name to two counties.

Of the 102 counties, nine adopted names of counties in other states. These were Champaign, Hardin, Henderson, Mason, Scott and Woodford from Kentucky, and Williamson from Tennessee. Naturally these names were selected by immigrants from those states. That is how it came that a company of troops was enlisted in Williamson county for the Confederate service. Those people were Tennesseans living in Illinois and "followed their state."

The Tatler has alluded to a previous attack of "numeritis" that proved fatal to the individuality of a great many Chicago streets. It must have occurred a long while ago, for the old street names had been replaced with numbers, on the south side, when the Tatler was a kid. Still he remembers very well when Thirty-ninth street, which was the old city limits, the boundary line between Chicago and the township of Hyde Park, was called Egan avenue, quite as often as Thirty-ninth. It had been named for Dr. William Bradshaw Egan, an educated Irishman who came to Chicago in 1834 and was a very notable person in early days.

Similarly Thirty-seventh street, was still known as Wau-banais avenue and Thirty-fifth street as Douglas place. The

latter of course was named after Stephen A. Douglas, whose home was on this street about a block from the lake, and near where his monument now stands.

At that time Thirty-second street was known as Smith place, named after the great banker, George Smith; Thirty-first street was Ridgely place, in honor of N. H. Ridgely, and Thirtieth street was Yates place.

Twenty-second street was formerly Ringgold place. There were half a dozen streets, including Twenty-second street, whose names bespeak admiration of General Taylor, the real hero of the Mexican war. Next to Ringgold place came Palo Alto place, now Twenty-third street; Monterey place, now Twenty-fourth street; Buena Vista place, now Twenty-fifth; Rio Grande place, now Twenty-sixth. Then came Northern avenue, Southern avenue and Hardin place; now Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets respectively.

Thirteenth street was formerly Fenimore, named for Fenimore Cooper. West Fourteenth street was Mitchell street, named for the first presiding elder of the Methodist church in this part of Illinois. East Fourteenth street was known as Liberty street, Fifteenth street was Springer street; Sixteenth street was North street; Seventeenth, New street, Eighteenth was Evans street, named for Dr. John Evans. Nineteenth street was originally Cross street, and Twentieth was Bridge street; Twenty-first was Commerce street.

Most of these streets when they existed west of the river had different names, like the cases cited above.

Over on the north side a number of original street names have disappeared. North State was originally called Wolcott street, after Alexander Wolcott, who was the Indian agent at Fort Dearborn in pre-historic times. St. Clair street was first known as Sad street, a name that must have been thoroughly descriptive. Hubbard street, which has disappeared from the map, was named, not for Gurdon S. Hubbard, but his brother, Henry G. Hubbard.

Then there were First, Second, Third and Fourth streets on the west side, which were continuations of Ontario, Erie, Huron and Superior streets.

Ogden avenue was originally known as the Southwestern Plank road, Blue Island avenue was first known as Hoosier street. Colorado avenue was the Barry Point road. Archer avenue was known as State street, and was later on, named in honor of W. B. Archer, who was a canal commissioner. Division street was known as Bishop street; and Webster avenue is considerable better than Asylum place, as the name was formerly.

The Tatler often wondered where the name "Halsted" came from, that designates Chicago's longest street. No person of that name was identified with the early history of Chicago or of Illinois. Probably I have asked a hundred people who might possibly know, but in vain. I came across

the information quite by accident. Halsted was a rich Philadelphian who invested largely in Chicago real estate through W. B. Ogden.

By the way, that reminds me that two other Philadelphians were similarly honored in two short streets near a west side park; MacAllister and Gilpin place. Both these men invested largely in Chicago real estate through S. H. Kerfoot. Gilpin was never even in Chicago, but he made a barrel of money out of Chicago dirt and left \$10,000 to the Historical Society as a testimonial of his good will.

When you find a man doing fine things like that, name a street after him, even if the name sounds somewhat funny.

Memories of many early Chicagoans, more or less great and good, are embalmed in street names. Carpenter street was named after Philo Carpenter, the pioneer druggist of Chicago. Ann street was named for Mrs. Carpenter. Throop street took its name from A. G. Throop, a Chicago alderman, but one of the right sort. The Tatler remembers him well, and probably many other La Grange citizens who lived on the west side remember both Throop and Carpenter.

Hoyne avenue was named for Thomas Hoyne, a great lawyer. It was formerly called Campbell avenue, Robey street was named for James Robey; Leavitt for David Leavitt, a canal commissioner; and Oakley, for Charles Oakley, another canal commissioner.

Paulina street was named after Paulina Eddy Taylor, the

wife of Reuben Taylor who gave his name to Ashland avenue, for its first name was Reuben street. It got the name Ashland given it by Sam Walker, Carter Harrison, H. H. Honore and the group of Kentuckians who developed the street.

Kedzie avenue was named after John H. Kedzie, whose name was originally given to Lincoln street.

The series of courts leading off State street were all named after well known Chicagoans. Peck court after Ebenezer Peck; Harmon court after Elijah Dewey Harmon; Hubbard after Gurdon S. Hubbard, and Eldredge court after John W. Eldredge.

One of La Grange's most respected and popular citizens has built him a house on the north shore, at Lakeside, and will soon remove thither. The regret which the Tatler in common with the rest of the community feels at his departure, is tempered in my mind by the reflection that if we must lose him, it won't be to a suburb with that sort of a name; for the people up there have decided that Lakeside shall in the future be known as "Hubbard's Wood."

The name which is to supplant the old one is given in honor of Gurdon S. Hubbard, one of the earliest pioneers in this part of Illinois. He came to Chicago in 1818, only six years after the Fort Dearborn massacre; and the Tatler met him at the home of his son, Gurdon S. Hubbard, Jr., in Riverside, many years ago. He deserves more than pass-

ing notice in connection with the settlement of this part of the country, and the Tatler will try to do him partial justice on some future occasion. I may add here, however, one item that may be news to some; he was the father of the packing industry in Chicago, now grown to such astounding proportions.

The reason why Gurdon S. Hubbard is to be honored by having his name coupled with the attractive suburb on the north shore, is that the land on which Lakeside now stands had him as the first owner under the United States government. The name, therefore possesses an appropriateness and local flavor which accord with the canons of good taste and good sense. "Lakeside" describes every town along the north shore from Chicago to Milwaukee. "Hubbard's Wood" means something definite.

HE “DROPPED INTO POETRY”

THE Tatler has run across what was certainly the first public advertisement of real estate in the vicinity of La Grange. And what is more, it is in the form of verse, though it lacks rhyme and the rythm appears in need of the services of an orthopedic surgeon. The advertisement is dated March 24, 1834, which makes it nearly seventy-five years old.

THE EARTH FOR SALE

There is not in the world a valley so sweet
As that neat little vale on the banks of Salt creek,
A pre-emption right for sale by the subscribers, very cheap—
It is only thirteen miles from Chicago.

This advertisement was the offspring of John S. C. Hogan, one of the earliest of Chicago's real estate boomers—the tribal progenitor of our own Bob Givens of a later date. Hogan came to Chicago in 1830, when twenty-five years old, and became acclimated in about three weeks. He was said to be the best educated man in Chicago at that date, though his training in prosody, judging from the above specimen, had been somewhat neglected.

Hogan became postmaster of Chicago in 1831 and his office was in a log cabin at the northeast corner of State and

South Water street. He was a member of the fur-trading firm of Brewster, Hogan & Co., a justice of the peace, and a number of other things—but always a real estate man. He “busted up” in the panic of 1837, like nearly everybody else in Chicago and the west.

In a notice of the Jubilee of St. Mary’s Catholic church, a couple of weeks ago, the *Tribune* gives Mr. Hogan’s name as “John South Carolina Hogan,” and says that he died during the pastorate of Father St. Cyr (the first priest of St. Mary’s) and was buried by him from St. Mary’s.

Hogan’s full name was John Stephen Coats Hogan, and he was born in New York in 1805. Where the *Tribune* got the extraordinary name it gives him, I don’t know. Hogan certainly never got it at baptism. He was one of the parishioners of St. Mary’s, and his name was signed to the petition to the Bishop of St. Louis asking for a resident priest, but he did not die under the pastorate of Father St. Cyr, who was in Chicago only from 1833 to 1837. Hogan lived a long time after the panic of 1837. He went to California with the “Forty-niners,” and was in business in St. Louis and Memphis. He died at Boonville, Mo., December 2, 1868. He was a very live man for over thirty years after the funeral arranged for him by the *Tribune* back in the ’thirties.

Along in 1834, Hogan’s assistant in the post office, Thomas Watkins, became enamored of Therese La Fram-

boise, daughter of Joseph La Framboise, a half-breed chief of the Pottawattomies. Watkins was an educated man, a musician, understood French, and evidently enough of the Pottawattomie language to gain the heart and hand of the dusky Therese. This must have been about 1834, for when the Indians removed in 1835, Watkins went with them.

The wedding was an exceedingly *recherché* ^faffair—for the Chicago of 1834. The ceremony was read by Rev. Isaac W. Hallam, rector of St. James' Episcopal church, in the presence of pretty nearly everybody in Chicago. But alas! even in 1834, Chicago marriages were not famous for their lasting quality, and the more or less fair Therese afterwards became the third wife of Chief Madore Beaubien, in Kansas, whither the Pottawattomies removed from Chicago.

St. James' Episcopal church was not built when this ceremony was performed, nor until about three years later. The first edifice was erected at the corner of Cass and Illinois streets on lots donated by John H. Kinzie. As the Kinzies were old settlers and chief supporters of the church, it was often called the Kinzie church. When Dr. W. B. Egan attended service for the first time, Mrs. Kinzie naturally asked him how he liked the church. "Very well," replied the irreverent doctor, "but," said he, pointing to the letters I. H. S., above the altar, which being somewhat ornate in character he pretended to misread as J. H. K., "won't

people think John is a little vain to put his initials so conspicuously before them?"

This first St. James' church was a rather remarkable production for the west at that time. It was built of brick, and with its accessories cost over \$15,000. Remembering that it was built in the year of the great panic, 1837, it seems very creditable that not only this amount but several thousand dollars more were raised to pay for it, and the surplus used to build a rectory. But ministers, at least, know that times of public stress and distress are usually fruitful periods for the church. When you come to think it over, the reason is apparent.

One reads with amazement about one feature of this early Chicago church. It had a mahogany pulpit, fifteen feet high, eighteen feet long and six feet deep. Just picture that in a church only forty-four by sixty-four feet in size, and a solitary clergyman inside it. It took some scheming by later rectors to get rid of that hardwood ark, for it was the pride of many of the parishioners.

John Jacob Astor once paid more than half the taxes collected in Chicago. That was a long while ago; way back in 1825. The assessment roll of Peoria county that year showed property assessed against citizens of Chicago to the amount of \$9,047. Of this amount, \$5,000 was assessed against John Crafts, the representative here of the American

Fur Company of John Jacob Astor. The tax paid was \$50, or one per cent.

The next wealthiest citizen, or perhaps we might say next in honesty, was Jean Baptiste Beaubien, who was assessed \$1,000 on which he paid \$10 tax. John Kinzie was assessed \$500, Alexander Wolcott \$572 and James Clybourne \$625. There were only fourteen taxpayers in Chicago and of these eight were French or half-breed Indians. Antoine Ouillet, from whom Wilmette was named, Alexander Robinson, Claude and Joseph La Framboise all figure in this earliest tax roll of Chicago.

"Chicagou" is said to mean onion or garlic in the Algonquin tongue. Here is an extract from the journal of Monsieur Henri Joutel, the companion of the Sieur de la Salle, who was in Chicago on his way to Canada in March and April, 1688.

"There being but very little game in that place (Chicago) we had nothing but our meal of Indian wheat to feed on; yet we discovered a kind of manna which was a great help to us. It was a sort of tree resembling our maple in which we made incisions whence flowed a sweet liquor, and in it we boiled our Indian wheat which made it deliciously sweet, and of a very agreeable relish.

"There being no sugar canes in that country, those trees supplied that liquor, which being boiled up and evaporated,

turned into a kind of sugar, somewhat brownish, but very good.

“In the woods we found a sort of garlic not so strong as ours, and small onions, very like ours in taste, and some charval of the same relish as that we have, but different in the leaf.”

There is a meal for you: corn bread, wild onions and maple sugar. Monsieur Joutel did not know it, neither did any of us know it until a year or so ago; but you can take the “liquor” of “sugar canes” and boil the cobs of “Indian wheat” in it and get something of the “same relish” as in the maple sugar. In fact, a couple of years ago they were making more maple sugar in Memphis by this simple process than Vermont has turned out since Ethan Allen’s time.

PLAINFIELD VS. LYONS

THE Tatler is in receipt of an inquiry why the Plainfield road out south of La Grange runs at an angle instead of to cardinal points as do the ordinary country roads.

As a matter of fact the first roads entering Chicago were short cuts from the interior. These roads were established highways long before the country was surveyed and section and township lines were fixed. All of the diagonal streets in Chicago, such as Vincennes avenue, Archer road, Blue Island, Ogden, Milwaukee and Colorado (formerly Barry Point road) were originally country roads, too well established to be abolished when Chicago became a city laid out in regular orientated squares.

A friend came out from the city on the Fourth in his auto, and took me out for a spin towards Plainfield and Joliet. By the way, he told me the last named town was originally Juliet, and pointed out that Romeo is the name of a neighboring community. The metamorphosis of the name from Juliet to Joliet was an afterthought and done to honor the great French explorer, Louis Joliet. Whether this be true or not, the surveyor who named those townships in Will county seems to have been "one of them literary fellers"; for in addition to Romeo and Juliet, we find Homer and Troy townships adjoining them.

But Grizzle made partial compensation by telling me a lot about Plainfield, after which the road was named. It is almost a neighbor of La Grange, even if it is another county; and you can get there by trolley now, if you are disposed to take an outing that way and haven't a kind friend who will drive you there in his machine.

The road, by the way, starts from Lyons, where it and Ogden avenue part company from the city.

Plainfield itself would have been described in the old-time gazetteers as "a post village of about 1,000 inhabitants on the Dupage river." It is therefore about the size of Lyons, which is my yardstick for measuring towns. It has saloons; but is not famous for their number of the bibulous character of its people. Reuben Flagg, from whom Flagg creek to the southwest of La Grange takes its name, is buried in the cemetery at Plainfield.

But Plainfield prides herself particularly on one thing, and by virtue of that one thing is called, by some of the loyal Plainfielders, the "Mother of Chicago." Now of course this is utter misapprehension, for we have seen that Lyons was not only the mother but the father and wife's relations of Chicago; that the Garden City would never have come into being at all, if it hadn't been for Lyons and the portage.

But Plainfield insists that the lumber from which the first frame house in Chicago was constructed, was sawed out in

the mill of Clark & Whitney, near Plainfield, and that this mill supplied the means by which Chicago commenced to grow from a collection of log huts around old Fort Dearborn into a great metropolis.

It is always an ungracious thing to puncture a fable or a tradition, and the Tatler wouldn't think of taking from Plainfield its assumed title of importance.

Now it may be that Clark & Whitney's mill sawed the lumber used in Chicago for the first frame house, but I doubt it. The first frame building in Chicago was the "Sauganash" hotel, built by Mark Beaubien in 1831. Frankly I don't know where he got his lumber from; but imagine it came by lake, possibly from St. Joseph.

In 1833 there were two saw mills on the north branch of the Chicago river, one about where Division street now crosses it, and another one five or six miles up the stream.

David Carver was the first lumber merchant in Chicago and he owned a lumber schooner that plied between St. Joseph and Chicago. He came to Chicago in 1833.

Now the bearing of these facts is briefly this: In 1833, during the Blackhawk war, the settlers at Plainfield experienced a big scare, and finally left "Fort Beggs," as they termed their improvised log stockade, and took refuge in Chicago. The "mother" thus paid a visit to her "daughter" under rather trying circumstances.

The Tatler has been unable to discover that in 1833 Plainfield was anything more than a few log cabins, or to locate a saw mill there at that time, much less in 1831, two years before, when the first frame house was built in Chicago. And yet in 1833 there were two saw mills very near Chicago, and a lumber dealer there.

So it is quite probable that while the Plainfield mill may have sawed lumber for Chicago at an early day, the lumber for the "Sauganash" hotel of Mark Beaubien came from up the lake, or from St. Joseph.

It may be interesting for us to note in these days of high priced lumber, that in 1833, lumber in Chicago brought from \$60 to \$70 per 1,000 feet. A laborer would have to work two months to get enough money to buy a thousand feet. Those were "good old days," indeed.

OLD TAVERNS

IN 1909 occurred the demolition of one of the lesser antiquities of Chicago. This was the old Bull's Head tavern, or what was left of it, which was torn down to make room for a store building.

Perhaps few people are aware that a part of that famous old tavern has been leading a decrepit existence on Harrison street, opposite the County hospital, as a combination store and flat, but such was the case. Many years ago, so long ago in fact, that it was not at that time by any means an old building, it was removed from its original site, and consequently lost its identity in the public eye.

Few people know that the old-fashioned building near the hospital had even seen better days as a Stockyards Transit house. In the same way one of the buildings of old Fort Dearborn, the officers' quarters, I believe, lingered along on Michigan avenue near Twenty-ninth street in a modern disguise. It may be there yet, for aught the Tatler knows.

The old Bull's Head was not so very old, after all. It was built in 1848 by Matthew Laflin, after whom Laflin street was named. At that time Chicago was not so large as Elgin is now. Had it not been for the great fire in 1871 which wiped out so many Chicago landmarks, it could hardly be considered a local antiquity at all. Still it was the one thing

that all west siders knew about in connection with local history.

It was located at the southeast corner of Madison street and Ogden avenue, just two miles from State, on the site now occupied by the Washingtonian Home. And it got its name from the fact that the first Chicago stockyards were located there the same year the tavern was built. In fact, that was why the tavern was built.

Two miles over prairie mud and dust is a long distance; and a stage line ran from downtown to the Bull's Head. Even then Chicago was a great packing center, and the slaughter and packing houses were scattered from Bridgeport, where Wadsworth, Dyer & Co. were located, up to Clybourne & Ellis' place on the north branch. One of the oldest residents in this part of the country, Mr. Robert Leitch, worked for Clybourne as long ago as 1844.

There were other great packing houses in those days: Gurdon S. Hubbard had one on the north side between Michigan and Illinois streets; William B. Clapp, Eric Reynolds and the Houghs had establishments on the south branch.

The length of the drive from the Bull's Head to the slaughter houses determined the final fate of the tavern. In 1856 John B. Sherman leased some property on the lake shore north of Thirty-first street for a new stockyards. Hotels were built there for the accommodation of cattlemen and

farmers just as the Bull's Head had been, at the old stockyards on West Madison street. One of these, the United States hotel, is still standing, or was a couple of years ago, on Cottage Grove avenue.

Once again the site of the stockyards was changed to its present location; and it would not be surprising if another removal to the Stickney tract or further southwest should occur at no distant day.

Probably the Bull's Head is now the most famous of the early Chicago hostelries, which seems strange when we consider that it lasted hardly a decade as a real center. The Tatler can account for this in only one way: That the country tributary to Chicago, and from which it constantly drew both trade and population, became acquainted with the Bull's Head through actual dealings in live stock. People who never heard of the Sauganash or the Green Tree or the Lake House, know of the Bull's Head and its traditions—and some of the traditions are certainly not very trustworthy; but that's the way with traditions. The commonest of these is one which represents the Bull's Head as so far from Chicago that people put up there for the night, deferring the remainder of the trip to Chicago for the next day. Two miles is not very far, especially to farmers and drovers. The fact is, they stopped at the Bull's Head just as they now stop at the Transit House, because it was on the ground where their business was.

The first tavern of early Chicago was at Wolf Point, on the west side of the river about where Carroll avenue would touch it. This was kept in 1828 or 1829 by Archibald Caldwell, who had a regular license from Peoria county. Elijah Wentworth was afterwards its proprietor. It was a log affair, and how it got the name of Wolf Point was unknown even to Mrs. Kinzie, who would be presumed to know.

Another tavern almost opposite the Wolf Point tavern, and on the other side of the river, was kept by Samuel Miller in 1830.

The first frame house in Chicago was the "Sauganash" hotel, built by Mark Beaubien (brother of Jean Baptiste Beaubien) in 1831. Mark Beaubien was the Billikin of his time, a French god of good cheer who loved his fiddle, good company and a good story: an ideal tavern keeper. He called it the "Sauganash" in honor of Billy Caldwell, the half-breed friend of the whites, who was called "Sauganash" (white man) by the Indians. This hotel was located on Market street between Lake and Randolph. It burned in 1851.

The Green Tree tavern was built in 1833 at the northeast corner of Lake and Canal streets by James Kinzie and was long one of the best known of early Chicago hotels. The Tatler remembers when it was moved, many years ago, to make room for a new building. It was, before its removal,

occupied as a saloon and tenement, and had a pretty tough look. It was moved over to Milwaukee avenue, but has probably disappeared by this time. If not, it is the oldest building in Chicago. This was the first frame house on the west side, just as the "Sauganash" was the first on the south side.

But Chicago had a pretty fine hotel very soon after. This was the Lake House and it was located on Michigan street between Rush and Kinzie. It was built in 1835, was of brick and three stories high. It was the St. Regis of early Chicago in its equipment and furnishings. It cost nearly \$100,000 and the enterprising men who put their money into it were John H. Kinzie, Gurdon S. Hubbard, Doctor Egan, and several others.

They never got it out again. It was far in advance of the needs of the town, for Chicago then had only about 2,500 people, although it was growing rapidly. The Lake House had a checkered career; was sold under foreclosure for \$10,000 and finally went the way of such properties, being used for cheap tenements until the fire put an end to it in 1871.

Talking about early hotels, one of the old Chicago houses, Doty's hotel on Randolph street, was kept by Theodorus Doty, an early settler in Lyons township.

And out on Ogden avenue, just west of the Leitch place, you will notice on a little rise in the ground on the north

side of the road, an excavation. This is on the Babcock property; and marks the site of an old tavern which disappeared probably sixty years ago. You remember that Ogden avenue was the old Southwestern Plank road, and before that, a hundred years before that, an Indian trail to the Fox river country. Before the days of railroads that old road was a highway for trade and travel. There were taverns all along it; several of them at Fullersburg, or Brush Hill.

Who built this particular tavern and when, the Tatler doesn't know, but would like to find out. Charley Babcock, who punches tickets on the 5:50 and in whose family the property is, found many relics, including coins, in the old excavation when he was a boy, but that couldn't have been so very long ago. The tavern had disappeared before his time; but the memory of it remained with older people who knew of it.

Perhaps some of the older inhabitants could tell something about that old tavern? Some facts about it must have been handed down.

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HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS OF EARLY CHICAGOLAN



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